

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

VOLUME XV.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1886.

NUMBER 6.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office of New York, N. Y. as second class matter.

POETRY.

HUMBLE HEROES.

There are men of worth and honor,
Who are ever brave and true,
Who are strong to work and suffer
In whate'er they find to do;
And although their lot be lowly,
Though they ne'er be known to fame,
Though the crowd should pass them coldly,
They are heroes, just the same.

There are those who daily labor
Turning up the stubborn soil,
Winning home and food for loved ones
By the hands' unceasing toil,
Through they never gain the friendship
Of the rich and proud of earth,
From a suffering brother's needs,
There are none of greater worth.

He who does his duty bravely,
Though it lead through humble ways,
Who would scorn an evil action,
Heeding neither blame nor praise,
Who would not withhold his helping
From a suffering brother's needs,
Surely is as much a hero
As he who does great deeds.

STORY TELLER.

The Widow's Secret.

"I don't think you treat him right," said the rosy little widow to the dressmaker who was fitting her trim figure to a silk gown of the color of "moon upon the lake," and at the same time holding her head back, and a trifle to one side, lest her tears should drop thereon. "I don't think women know how to treat their husbands."

"You must be expert in the matter," responded Mrs. Fittum, "seeing this is the fourth time you have tried 'em. Hollow in your back a trifle, as is natural to you—there—sets like a duck's foot in the mud—can't be bettered," she exclaimed professionally.

The widow eyed herself sharply, turning from side to side, and smiling consciously at her own prettiness.

"Yes, that will do, Mrs. Fittum; but I am sure you don't treat your husband right."

"Shouldn't wonder, ma'am, seeing my patience has clean gone out of me. This will be your fourth husband. Well, well, you must, begging your pardon, like men better'n I do. 'Moon upon the lake' is mighty becoming to you, and very suitable for a widow."

The lady reddened, but she gave a short laugh, also, as she answered in a way and manner to hide the sting under what she said.

"Men are good creatures when women know how to manage them. They do seem to incline to some women more than others."

"You never had a drinking husband, ma'am, I suppose?"

"Bless you! No, never! I could not abide the breath. A woman ought to be on her guard."

"It seems so strange. Widowhood seems natural to some women—they thrive and grow pretty upon it."

The widow laughed, saying,—
"I never gave it a thought—but it may be so."

"Going to be married the fourth time! Not a chick nor child! Not forty yet, and plump and pretty as ever! Upon my word, ma'am, I don't see how you manage."

"Oh, that's a secret."

Mrs. Fittum opened her eyes wide, and slowly repeated,—
"A secret!"

"Yes, indeed; I have found it work admirably with three husbands, and doubt not it will work just as well with the fourth."

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the dressmaker, dropping the cord she was covering to put the flourish on with, and an ill-disguised horror on her face. "Oh, I didn't kill my three husbands. They were dotingly fond of me to the last, and left me well provided for."

"Do tell me your secret, ma'am," and an expectant, not to say painful hope, brightened her wan face.

"It isn't much, Mrs. Fittum, and yet it is a secret, and its application has been, as it were, disastrous in my case. I am sure I never expected it."

"Dear me! you seem to own up to something. Did they die suddenly, poor critters?"

"Quite the contrary; they lingered along as if loth to go."

"Poor critters! I should have thought you would have felt bad."

"I did, indeed; and the pretty woman preparing to wed her fourth husband wept at the memory of the three."

"Do tell me all about it," persisted the other with a look not sympathetic. "Your tears haven't seemed to dim your handsome eyes."

"I don't know about that—I never thought about it—but, Mrs. Fittum, first and last I have cried a great

deal." "Perhaps you had a reason unknown to the world, ma'am. But I want dreadfully to know how you managed it."

Our widow was a sort of widow Wadley—easily beguiled to tears or smiles—and she began to perceive that the astute dressmaker had some latent design in thus questioning her, which she did not object to gratify. Accordingly she assumed the narrative form, while the needle of her auditor clicked against her thimble in concert.

"My first husband, you must know, was well-to-do, but not rich. He was what is called a model man. We went to church every Sunday, and dropped twenty-five cents each into the contribution-box—never more or less. I knit him stockings and made him shirts; he liked to see women industrious, and I was industrious. We went to lectures, and now and then to a social party—always at home and in bed at ten o'clock. He was agreeable in temper, and apt to drop to sleep. Slow, and automatic in movements. He had a way of looking into kettles and jars, as if he expected to find things out of order; and he did so find them, sometimes—it was a comfort to him. He read all my letters; he liked it. He poked over my bureau drawers, and saw all my gloves and laces in such a mess—and in the midst way reprimanded me. This was a comfort to him, also. He had not a fault; he had not a vice; he had not an inordinate desire. I wished he had."

"You wicked woman!" ejaculated the dressmaker. "You didn't know when you were well off."

"I know it—I know it—I didn't somehow grow good with such a man as I ought to have done, but when he was gone I saw it all, and almost cried my eyes out. You see a man is a good thing about the house, to lock the doors and look after things. When a woman is once used to having one around she is sure to feel lonesome and out of sorts when he is gone. I learned to think a dull husband by no means undesirable as a husband. Now the second husband. I wore my widow's weeds the conventional period, though several of the most agreeable men were attentive to me, but I shut my eyes. I managed to prevent them from proposing, for I rather liked my freedom, and somehow three excellent men, who had known my excellent husband, were not to my mind. I am afraid I hated good men."

The dressmaker groaned.

"Oh, how could you? I am sure such a husband must be beautiful."

"That is true, Mrs. Fittum—and he thought me beautiful. But you must understand he was a model man, and he did his best to make me a model woman—but it was not in me. We women are naturally perverse, and apt to think our way as good as a man's way."

"So it is, only a good deal better," muttered the other.

"I don't know about that. I am apt to think a man is wiser about many things than we are; but, any way, married people will quarrel as a rule, because each is bent upon his own way. Now I never disputed a husband—never, never opposed him. But, as I was going to say, one of my admirers was of a different kind. He was bright, dashing, high-spirited wittily. He quite took me by storm of contrast. He was not a model man by any means, but he was intelligent, loved boats, and had a fine taste for music. He had a mean opinion of women in general, and was sometimes furious at himself for loving me. He declared he would be master in spite of me which was quite unnecessary, for I rather liked to have a master as saving trouble and responsibility. I hate disputes and fuss of any kind, and let matters slide in the easiest manner possible."

"I should think you might be a little lazy," returned her auditor.

"Is that the name for it? Well, perhaps I am. He would get into a fury about his buttons, and because a door creaked, or the coffee was poor, and storm about the house, and slam doors and kick over chairs, at which I only said, 'Softly, softly, dear, which only made him worse.'

"I believe you," said the dressmaker.

"He even called me a devil once, in a sort of tender fit, and quoted Shakespeare:—

"Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee!"

"He said I would sit perfectly calm on a husband's coffin while he smothered beneath, for what is a woman to do, but be quiet, while a big, strong man is raging about nothing. In one of these spells he broke a blood vessel

on the brain, and an autopsy showed a disease of the head, which was pitiful to think about."

"I wonder he hadn't killed you," was the response of Mrs. Fittum.

"My third husband was all sentiment, and called me pet names, that would have delighted Fanny Osgood, the poet. I took them all patiently."

"Patiently!" cried her hearer. "I must have been delightful."

"Yes, when he called me pet, I had an excuse for being girlish, if birdie, I might trill my notes; queenly might be cold and proud, so he had it all his own way. But your sentimental man wants a good deal of sentiment in return; must be indulged and coddled, and sees everything in a sweet Arcadian light; wants his wife to dress in out-of-the-way styles; quotes:—

"Give me a form, give me a face,
That lends simplicity a grace.
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adjectives of art,
That take mine eye but not my heart."

"I want about as much of the sentiments of Venus, and had an excuse for showing my beautiful hair, and dawdled over Moore and Byron, feeling internally that I was a poor goose, and a sort of fraud, for too much sentiment is very tiresome."

"And he died like the rest?"

"Y-e-s," and the widow tapped a small boot upon the carpet musingly.

"It seems to me that your second husband understood you better than the others," remarked the dressmaker.

"How so? No matter; but you must see that I am right in thinking you do not know how to manage your husband, Mrs. Fittum."

"You have not told me your secret."

"Do you not guess it?"

"It seems to me that you let them have their own way."

"To be sure I did. It is fatal to man or to woman always to have their own way. A little contention is the passport of love. Nothing is more fatal than indifference."

"And you married three men and indifferent to all!"

The widow reddened.

"Perhaps I am naturally of that kind, while you, Mrs. Fittum, oppose, fret, scold, and are not happy yourself, nor do you make him any the better man; men are not easily turned about."

"What would you do in a case like mine, where a man drinks?"

"I would manage just the same."

"But how, ma'am? how?"

"Well, well," muttered the widow half to herself, "I can't find opinions and make annotations on them."

"Do tell your secret, now I cannot for my life guess what it is."

"Dear Mrs. Fittum, you are an admirable dressmaker—my silk, to use my own illustration, sets like a ducks foot in the mud; but you don't know how to manage a husband. You must come the morning I am to be married and see that I am all right. My hat is a perfect love of a hat, and makes me look charmingly; but let me advise you," laying at the same time a nicely gauntleted hand on Mrs. Fittum's shoulder, "let your husband have his own way," and she whirled her limber little shape out of the door, with a musical laugh that did not crinkle her cheeks nor pucker her eyes.

"Mrs. Fittum gave the moon-upon-the-lake dress a somewhat vigorous kick and exclaimed,—

"She's a devil—that's what she is, and that's the way she has made herself three times a widow."

"So are all women," hiccoughed a maudlin voice just coming in over the rear threshold. "Who are you contemplating, love? Who is it?"

The dressmaker eyed him a moment scornfully, but the calling her "lovely" did the business for him; with mingled tears and smiles she patted his dusty shoulder, and replied,—

"Dear, dear ducky, the nice little widow has been telling me how—how I might be a widow."

"She has? She understands the business, I should think." The idea had the effect to sober him. "What did she want you to do, lovely?"

"Well—it was dreadful!"

"Well, well, what was it? I'll have a warrant out and arrest her; I'll have her shown up for what she is—the she Harry Tudor—the she Blue Beard—that she!" and he went so far as to kiss the cheek of his poor wife, who quite broke down under this unwonted tenderness, and threw herself into his arms.

"I will never do it, ducky, never."

"I am sure of it, I can trust you. You are not fit to be a poor lone widow. You need the protecting arm of some husband."

Mrs. Fittum drew herself up a bit at this; there was rebellion in her look.

"Yes, she told me her secret," she said.

"What was it, love? I am sure you would not hurt a hair of the head of your poor, devoted—"

Here he broke down from some cause or other, and staggered to one side.

"I told her about your drinking so, James, and how you spent my earnings, and how I got out of all patience and sometimes well nigh hate you."

This she said with grave solemnity, and then she added briskly. "What do you think she told me to do?"

"Couldn't guess; but I'm very sure you won't do it."

"Never—you would not live a month."

"Do tell—do tell what it was."

"She told me to let you have your own way—think of that!"

The man's eyes twinkled with wicked mirth.

"That wasn't so bad, lovely."

"Not so bad! why, you would drink yourself to death in a month or less, if I let you have your own way."

"Oh, no; I would be cautious for your dear sake, so unfit to be a widow. Let me have my own way, lovely; I'll take the risk."

And she did—she followed the widow's advice. Under the circumstances, the reader can easily divine why Mrs. Fittum became a widow.

Tracing a stolen bank-note.

Some years ago I was resident in New York. One day a gentleman, who announced himself as the British Consul at that port, entered my father's office, saying that he wished to speak with Mr. M—.

"That is my name," I replied.

"Pardon me," said the Consul, "but I was under the impression that Mr. M—, whom I am desirous of seeing, was an older man than you are."

"Ah, it is my father, then, whom you want. Unfortunately, he is, and has been, for some days past, confined to the house by indisposition. Can you communicate to me the nature of your business, and it may be in my power to attend to it in his absence?"

"I am obliged to you," said the Consul. "Well," he added, after some slight hesitation, "I should like to speak with you in private for a few minutes, if convenient."

"Certainly," and having shown the old gentleman into an inner room, I requested him to be seated, and waited for him to broach the matter concerning which he had sought the interview.

Without preface, the Consul took out from a pocketbook a twenty-pound Bank of England note, handed it to me and said: "I believe this note passed through your father's hands about two months ago."

"Very possibly," I replied, rather surprised at the question. "But I can ascertain for a certainty in a moment." Then, summoning a junior clerk, I desired him to bring me the rough cash book. On looking over its pages, I soon came across an entry regarding a Bank of England note, the amount, date, and number of which corresponded with those of the one before me.

"I find," I said, "that this note was in my father's possession at the time you mention. But may I ask the object of your making the inquiry?"

"It is this. Some fourteen months since this note was abstracted from a letter posted at Glasgow for Aberdeen. Nothing was heard of the stolen money until five weeks ago, when the note was stopped, on being paid into the Bank of England by a firm of private bankers. They stated that it had been received by one of their customers."

The customer, when applied to, said that it had been remitted to him by a Mr. M—, of New York. I have therefore been instructed by my government to trace if possible, the note during the period it was in this country. Can you inform me from whom your father had it?"

"Easily," I said, referring to the book before me. "It was bought of a Mr. White, who has an exchange office in Wall Street. But I fear," I added, "you will find it very difficult, if not quite impracticable, to carry the matter further; since it is the usage with brokers to buy English bank notes offered for sale without asking any questions, being aware that, even if they have been stolen, the innocent holder can legally enforce the cashing of them."

"That is true. I agree with you that it is most unlikely that Mr.

White will be able to let me know who was the person from whom he bought the note; however, I shall call upon him without delay, since it is just possible that he may have it in his power to afford the information I seek."

Then, after thanking me for my courtesy in the matter, the Consul took his leave; and I presumed that I should hear nothing more of the affair.

However, some months later I was lunching at Delmonico's, one day, when the Consul entered the room. Recognizing me, he came over to the table at which I was seated and took a chair beside me. In the course of conversation he said:

"You recollect the circumstances of my calling upon you, some time ago, with respect to a stolen Bank of England note?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, after all, I was successful in tracing the note."

"How was that?" I inquired.

"I will tell you. When I left your office I went to that Mr. White. He referred to his books, and found that he had changed the note for the manager of one of the agencies of the Central Rail Road Company. I then called upon that gentleman. He had no recollection of the individual from whom he had received the money; and disappointed, I was leaving the establishment when a clerk interposed, and addressing his employer, he said, 'Mr. Saydam, we had the note in question from a man who bought a through ticket for Chicago. He came in to inquire what was the fare to that city. I told him. He said that he would go by our line, but that he must first change some English money at a broker's. I informed him that this was quite unnecessary, as I would take it in payment of his ticket, at the current rate of exchange. To this suggestion he agreed; and thus the note came into our hands. Why I remember so clearly the transaction, is that the man's name was a rather unusual one—Blenkiron, and I had to ask him how he spelt it. Mr. Blenkiron mentioned incidentally that he was going West to fill a situation in a large manufacturing establishment; but he did not say the nature of the work nor the name of the firm which had engaged his services."

"Furnished with these particulars," continued the Consul, "I met the difficulty in putting myself in communication with the man in this way. I wrote to him, stating the information I sought, and addressed my letter to him at the Post Restante, Chicago. At the same time, I caused advertisements to be inserted in two of the leading daily newspapers in that city, notifying Mr. Blenkiron that there was a letter for him at the head post-office. Well, some days afterward I had a reply to my communication, informing me that the writer had received the bank-note from an uncle in Bombay, whose address he gave me. This information I forwarded to the postal authorities in England, on whom, of course, devolved the duty of pursuing all further inquiries with respect to the matter; and for some little time thereafter I heard nothing more about the business. However, subsequently I learned the sequel of it. The Mr. Blenkiron resident in Bombay, when communicated with, stated that the note had been sent to him by a merchant in Glasgow. That merchant had received it from a tradesman in the same place; that individual, in his turn, had taken it from a clerk in one of the branch post-offices in that city, in payment of his account. Thus, finally, the theft of the money having been brought home to the clerk in question, he was duly tried, and convicted of the offence."

This was the Consul's story, which struck me as a rather curious one. It is said, with justice, that the strength of a chain is simply the strength of its weakest link. In this case, some of the links of the chain of circumstances which had rendered it possible to trace the people through whose hands the stolen bank-note had passed, had been of the slightest, and had threatened on more than one occasion to part. Yet, by a concurrence of purely fortuitous events, they had not done so; but, on the contrary, the chain had held together so strongly as to bring an offender to justice, after so long a period had elapsed since the commission of the crime that the criminal doubtless supposed himself quite safe from detection.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Rev. Mr. Mann, of Cleveland, Ohio, held service in Christ Church, Sunday evening, January 31st. The service was listened to with interest.

Nearly all mutes in the city were in attendance at Christ Church last Sunday evening, to hear Rev. Mr. Mann preach.

Charles Steinwenter has not yet received any of his money or property from Germany, and he had no idea about going into the tobacco business in the spring.

Miss Jennie Mitchell has accepted a position in one of the city factories. She is doing well, and making good wages in her new place.

The mother of Miss Kate Knapp died on Saturday, Jan. 23d, of dropsy, and was buried on Monday, Jan. 25th. Miss Knapp is now residing with her aged grandmother, on Michigan Road, and is now an orphan.

George Robinson left on Monday, Feb. 1st, for Fort Wayne, to be gone several weeks, to visit friends and relatives.

Miss Ollie Hill, of Rochester, Indiana, educated at the Indiana Institution, several years ago, is now doing missionary work where she resides, and is a good christian worker.

We were not at all astonished at the article that was written by Mr. Kerney of the Deaf-Mute College, at Washington, D. C., that the Indiana mutes are ungrateful.

Prof. Burt's birthday was celebrated last Thursday, at his elegant residence on Washington Street, by a host of his friends.

Mr. Dewester, of Shelbyville, was the guest of his mute friends here last Sunday, and he was in attendance at the Service at Christ Church, by Rev. Mr. Mann.

CLARITHA.

February 3, 1886.

CIRCLEVILLE, OHIO.

As a contributor to the JOURNAL, I shall pencil both the items from the immediate vicinity and from a broad, as they come under my notice, through either private correspondence or through the papers. To do justice to all, I think is fair play, so I take this for my motto and hope satisfaction shall prevail all round. Am always happy to see the names of contributors whom I recognize, such as "Free Lance." Hope to see more "Buck-eyes" come out of their shells and help to enliven the JOURNAL. Why don't some one contribute from Atlanta, Ga? I shall be glad to hear from my friends down there, whom I formed acquaintances with during my Southern jaunt last summer.

Miss Ella Groom would be the right person to contribute from the Gate City, as she is amply able to do so, and has a good standpoint to glean items concerning our class of people.

The writer had the pleasure of spending a few days in old Chillicothe week before last, and while there, associated with all the mutes to be found in that ancient Indian town, among whom he shall mention Miss Louise Smith, the "Belle" of Chillicothe, and Messrs. W. A. Hays, D. B. Hadden and David McMaster. Miss Smith is still quartered at her father's mansion, but expects soon to leave for parts known best to herself. Wish her abundant success, wherever she may choose to wander. W. A. Hays is connected with his father, in the bakery business, and is doing finely, except some of the inhabitants complain that he is wearing out the sidewalks between the bakery and the post office. But that is nothing, for all us young chaps are anxious to get letters from our ladies as often as possible, so Willie is O. K. As for Mr. Hadden, he still follows the slaughtering business, and nothing gives him more pleasure than to knock the hogs senseless or into eternity, with the sledge hammer, at which he is getting to be an expert. He appears to be doing well, and is as happy as a little boy with his first pair of red-topped boots. He is the funniest one in that crowd, and kept us all in abundant laughing stuff. He understands the business of slaughtering hogs to perfection, and is the general favorite of employees in the slaughter house where he works, so one of them told the writer.

Well, as for Mr. McMaster, he is an old bachelor, and almost every one knows what kind of a stripe that is, so he needs no particular mention here. Sufficient to say, he has been laid off from work at Malone Sewing Machine factory, on account of the operators being bursted. But they expect to start up again ere long, and Mr. Mc-

Master will be at his old post as butcher in the Razor and Shear department.

One morning, while in the bakery store of W. A. Hays' father, a policeman entered and said there was a mute over in the City Prison, and requested Mr. Hays and myself to come over and see him and learn who he was. We agreed, and went over, and upon investigation, learned his name was Frank Stork, of Frederick, Md., who had wandered West, like many others, expecting to find plenty of work and live in luxury. Arriving in city late at night and being weary, he requested to be kept over night in the City Prison. Soon after we were there, the Mayor appeared and made some inquiries of this young man, and upon learning that he was a printer, requested me to take him cut and assist him in finding a job in that city, and if I failed, to bring him back and he (the Mayor) would send him back to Maryland. W. A. Hays and myself took him to the *Daily News* office and at once obtained a "sit" for him on a week's trial. He was put to work right off setting type, and here we left him. When we returned to the hotel, the landlord informed us there was another mute who had just got in and was at supper, and requested us to wait and see who he was. Presently he appeared, and we at once recognized the first tenderfoot, Mr. Stork, and like long lost brothers, they clasped hands. We learned that they were travelling together, but got separated at Parkersburg, W. Va. They are both from Frederick, Md., as they said. The name of the last comer has collapsed my mind, so I am unable to give an idea who he is.

ROBIN HOOD.

The Deaf Mutes.

The other day we saw a letter from a deaf mute, a lad of a few years' age, to his late teacher, Prof. Henry White, of the Deseret University. The boy was at his home in the country, and wrote to the professor that he was unable to return to school, owing to the poverty of himself and his guardian, the writer being an orphan and a charge upon a relative. It was a plaintive little letter, bubbling over with grateful thanks to his teacher, and expressing regret that he would not be able to resume his studies. There were also letters from others, one of the mother of a 12-year-old mute. The latter had been attending Prof. White's class, and made rapid progress in the studies, but poverty compelled the parents to take the lad out of school, the cost of living in this city being more than they could pay.

Inquiry develops the fact that there are between 150 and 175 deaf-mutes in the Territory. The census of 1880 showed 118, and the ratio throughout the country at large is one to every 1,500 of the population. Of those here comparatively few have enjoyed the advantages of education, while many of them are densely ignorant of books. Until two years ago, when the Legislature made a small appropriation of \$2,000 a year, we believe there was nothing like a public effort to aid the deaf-mutes. The benefits from that small beginning are highly satisfactory, being all that could have been desired. The good has been so great as to encourage the hope that more will be attempted and accomplished. The Territory has done nobly by another afflicted class, the insane, providing for them a comfortable home and doing what may be done for their restoration to reason. It is suggested now that the foundation be laid for an institution for the deaf and dumb. Through their affliction, these unfortunate people are mostly poor, hence what is done for them must be based upon the principle of charity, as well as upon that of humanity. Not only must their education be provided for without cost, but in most instances their support as well, until they are able to earn their own living, and are placed in a position to battle with the world for an existence. At best, the struggle on their part will be an unequal one, as they must ever be at a disadvantage, yet the handicap may be reduced to a minimum.

The *Herald* sincerely hopes the Legislature will provide well for these sadly afflicted people, and remove every obstacle in the way of their education.—*The Salt Lake Herald.*

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's Appointments.

"12.—Lynn.

"14.—Boston.

"15.—Fall River.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 12 50
If not paid within six months, these prices are inevitable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.
Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Rates of advertising made known on application.

The Deaf-Mutes of New England will have an opportunity to prove their gratitude to Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet on the 22d of this month. The levee to be held in Paine Hall, Boston, is gotten up for the purpose of increasing the fund, now under headway, for erecting a memorial statue in the city of Washington. New England being the cradle of American deaf-mute education, and being also the field of the elder Gallaudet's personal labors, should come to the fore in this noble undertaking. Mr. George A. Holmes is working with might and main, and if all the deaf-mutes in the section he represents will lend him a helping-hand, the proceeds of the coming entertainment will reach a very respectable figure. It is certainly a very pleasant way of demonstrating one's loyalty to a great benefactor, for there is both the fun and the knowledge that what is paid for it will be applied towards helping forward a praiseworthy project. It is quite likely that several New York deaf-mutes will attend, and it is hoped that a large delegation will represent each of the New England States.

The Brooklyn Eagle published two columns of information concerning the relation of deaf-mutes to the Civil Service Rules, about two weeks ago, which were made up of letters written to various public personages by Mr. W. A. Bond. The list of great men who were written to included President Cleveland, Attorney General Garland, Hon. Dorman B. Eaton and Postmaster Pearson, and the result of the inquiries into the matter, as stated by the Eagle, is that deaf-mutes are eligible as candidates for positions under the Civil Service, not only in this State but in every State in the Union. It is necessary, however, for deaf-mutes to state their infirmity on the application blanks, so that it may be known when a vacancy occurs whether such applicant can fill it. Evidently, Mr. Bond was not "crushed" this time.

We agree with the Mirror in its arguments in favor of printing as a trade for deaf-mutes; but do not, like our contemporary, think the stand taken by "Boomerang Joe" worthy of an extended discussion, the good results of the "art preservative" in connection with deaf-mute schools constitutes a sufficient refutation.

We acknowledge the receipt of the Index to the last ten volumes of the "American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb." It is indeed a valuable compilation, and in conjunction with the former Index, published in 1880, forms a complete key to the history and progress of deaf-mute education, as well as to the chronicle of every important occurrence relating to the deaf and dumb in this country.

We return thanks for copies of the annual reports of the Virginia and South Carolina Institutions. We regret that lack of time prevents a review of their contents, but it gives us pleasure to note that the work of educating the deaf-mutes in both states is being successfully carried forward. The change in the management of the Virginia Institution has infused new life and vigor into the work, while the conservative though progressive policy of the South Carolina school has accomplished its usual good results.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTE. FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Louis Reinhold, of Tonawanda, N. Y., will visit New York and New Jersey next June.

John W. Hess is in Pittsburgh, Pa., and expects to rent a shop to start a shoemaking business.

Mrs. M. E. Southwick and Misses Lucy Sweet and Alice M. Hedy are going to attend the Levee in Boston, on the 22nd.

Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt gave \$1,000 towards paying the debt of St. Ann's Church, not to "the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes."

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Porter are living at 33 Union Ave., five minutes walk from the depot at South Framingham, Mass.

Mrs. E. M. Chamberlain, the estimable wife of Rev. John Chamberlain, accompanied by two of her children, started for Iowa on the 2d inst. They will be gone about two weeks.

Mr. Henry A. Porter, a deaf-mute, is working in the saw mill, two minutes walk from the famous Para Rubber Factory where Charles S. Forbes, brother to Mrs. Porter, is the boss.

Mr. Albert Judson, of Iowa, was married to Miss Katie Schully, of New York City, on the 21st of last month. They were in Albany last week on their wedding tour, and spent all afternoon with Miss Mary Maloy, of Albany.

It is proposed to have an Easter Fair at the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, at 228 East Thirtieth Street, New York City, some time in the spring. Who will lend a helping hand in this charitable undertaking?

Bro W. Bailey, of Beverly, Mass., preached to several deaf-mutes in Nashua, N. H., last Sunday. His sermon was good and interesting. A bible class was also formed. These meetings were held at the house of Mr. E. H. French under the auspices of the Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission.

Mr. Colby of the second ward has just received a large portrait of his son, Collins Colby, the well known deaf-mute printer, who now resides in Chicago. It is done in crayon and was executed by a deaf-mute lady, of Joliet, Ill. Besides being an exceedingly correct likeness, the picture shows fine artistic skill, and is a credit to the genius of the lady who executed it.—*Flint Journal*, Jan. 28.

On the 3d inst., the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes held its annual election, which resulted in the election of H. L. Jahring, President; H. Howell, First Vice President; C. E. Green, Second Vice President; George Lucas Reynolds, Secretary; Patrick Patterson, Sergeant-at-Arms. For President, in opposition to Jahring, was W. Bond, who was "crushed again" without ceremony, having received only two votes. *Herald*, who said that not one mute in New York City or Brooklyn could ever put a particle of faith in "Godfrey's honesty," was agreeably surprised by the heavy vote Godfrey received.

John M. Stout, the famous bicyclist who is to appear at Paine Hall, Boston, February 22, uses a Star Bicycle, and his performance is simply wonderful. He is a deaf-mute, but makes no claim to being the champion, his performances speak for themselves. In the performance of more than a hundred different feats, such a jump over boxes, riding between bottles placed on the floor, swinging dumb-bells, riding see-saw on a plank, playing foot-ball, balancing on chairs. It is worth the admission price to see him, and we advise all to do so. Then the battle of Gettysburg is another thing that should not be missed. It is expected that W. G. Jenkins, of the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn. and P. W. Packard of Salem, Mass., will conduct the services at the Mute's Hall, 18 Essex Street, Sunday, Feb. 21st.

Four Children Deaf and Dumb.

SALEM, Ill., Feb. 3.—Judge Kagy has issued a permit to have three children of Joshua Haff taken to the institute for the education of the deaf and dumb at Jacksonville. The children are deaf-mutes—one girl, fourteen years old, and two boys of ten and twelve. The matter is considered a remarkable freak of nature, as neither of the parents are so affected. The antecedents of the family as far as can be traced back show no defect of the kind. There is also another child of the same family, eight years old, who is also deaf and dumb. The three older children were taken to Jacksonville this morning.—*Philadelphia North American*.

The Utah Legislature.

Mr. Hatch presented an extended communication from Professor Harry C. White, the deaf-mute instructor, (who was present with his deaf-mute wife and a number of their pupils from the University of Deseret), drawing attention to the pier using demands for an institution where deaf-mutes could be provided for and educated at the public expense: showing the condition of similar institutions in California and Colorado, and submitting an estimate of the cost of erecting a building suitable for the purpose, and maintaining it for the next two years. Dr. Paik, he stated assured him that the University would give the land if the appropriation could be secured. The amount asked for is \$25,000. Referred to the committee on education. *Utah Herald*.

A CURIOUS MARRIAGE.

In the church of St. Martin, formerly called St. Croix, Leicester, the marriage register contains an entry of the names of Thomas Tilley, and Ursula Russell, the first of whom being "deaf and also dumb." It was agreed by the bishops, mayor, and other gentlemen of the town, that certain signs and actions of the bridegroom should be admitted instead of the usual words enjoyed by the Protestant marriage ceremony: "First, he embraced her with his arms; and took her by the hand, put a ring upon her finger, and laid his hands upon his bride and upon her bride, and held up his hands towards heaven, and, to show his constancy to dwell with her to his life's end, he did by closing of his eyes with his hands, and digging out the earth with his feet, and pulling as though he would ring a bell, with divers other signs approved."—*The Irish Weekly Times*, Jan. 16.

THE CORRECT SIDE OF THE THING.

The status of the deaf and dumb will always remain stationary, as long as the profession which has, for its main object, their education and social elevation, is open to debasing influences. One of the in is the employment of cheap, transient and undesirable teachers. Of that class of teachers, the most objectionable are often the deaf-mutes themselves. They are half-educated, suspicious and unprogressive. Of nine deaf-mutes who were, to my knowledge, connected with a certain establishment in the capacity of teachers, only three were, by their education and native ability, entitled to a place in the small band of effective teachers of the land. But the question comes: Why should the rest of those teachers have been employed? There must first be some circumstance that induces or justifies such a course. Were the motives honorable or prompted by an unselfish regard of the interests of the deaf and dumb? If they were not, the tendency is to degrade the profession, and, as a matter of course, the brunt of suffering falls on the deaf and dumb children themselves. No noble minded deaf-mutes would willingly make a living out of the misfortune of his own kindred. Knowing his own worthlessness, he simply says: "If I am fit for the position, take me. If I am not, why, do not take me. But the moment my services be such that the profession stands in need of them, it presuppone that a point is already reached, when the profession is bound to overlook my deafness. It is then that you must pay me as much as you would any speaking teacher." That is the gist of the whole matter. A deaf-mute must either be taken and given a decent compensation, or be discarded. There can be no middle course; it tends only to the degradation of the profession. Every principal will know, through report or observation, which is the seed and which is the chaff. If he knowingly employs poor teachers, he degrades the profession; and, as the condition of the deaf and dumb improves only in the same ratio as the profession is elevated, it is ridiculous to think that he has the cause of the deaf and dumb at heart. But as to the published correspondence of the JOURNAL, the one grand wail of which was that the deaf-mute teachers are being unjustly treated, is it not possible that there runs through some of them a vein of selfishness and self-interest? It is often that on their very face we can read the unfitness of the writers themselves for the very thing about the compensation of which they are so solicitous. One of the most persistent laggards after increased salaries, I know, is a teacher who cannot write a sentence of more than five words grammatically correct. Is it not possible that some of the most indignant of the writers belong to that class of teachers? It seems to me impossible that talent can always languish in a corner, obscure and undiscovered. There is a difference between mediocrity and talent: the former is ever anxious to tell you how clever it is, and the latter is content to have its worth discovered in the fullness of time. "Do not be troubled whether you are a genius or not, the world will find that fast enough for you," so goes a saying. Then, did Mr. Harry White write: "I am a teacher of merit, therefore, I must be paid as much as a hearing person," not simply, "I teach; therefore, I must be paid as much as a speaking person is?"

The above theory that, once in, a deaf-mute teacher must be treated as any hearing person would wish to be, does not extend to salaries only, but to the rooming and treatment of teachers and to the employment of all deaf-mutes by Institutions. Some of the observations of "Enos," in spite of his foolish rants about "Aristocracy of the Ear," I found just. One case parallel with the one he mentioned, came under my observation. One day there came to a certain Institution an uneducated deaf-mute, who, coming to a school late in his twentieths, left it with only the ability to write his name and scarcely anything more. He could not even tell the difference between the denominations of the money either by sight or signs; and it was his custom to take out his whole money and let the storekeeper take what is due him, whenever a purchase is made. Well, one day, the deaf-mute asked the Principal for work. "I will take you, if you will go \$10 a month," said the latter. Having not the least idea of what \$10 means in signs, the deaf-mute was delighted and at once assented. One month afterwards, with \$10 silver in his hand and apparently agitated, he went to the foreman and let him take what was due for a \$7.50 pair of boots beforehand ordered; and imagine his surprise, when he found only \$2.50 left for a month's work. He sat on a bench and fairly burst into tears. A picture of more abject misery we never saw. He felt that he was unfairly treated—trodden down! The picture thus burned into our memory, we never forgot. In a few days, he shouldered his blanket and went where backwoodsmen treated him with a justice not to be found at Institutions.

The above story is no imagination. The same delight in "closeness" in transactions also pervades every dealing with deaf-mute teachers, in the matter of rooms, etc. It is useless to deny, by declarations of good intentions and by professions of love and friendship, that it is not so. Why or how it comes to be so, we cannot tell. It may have come from prejudices contracted somewhere, but so strong that the perception of justice is blurred. But what we know is:

President, a very dear friend of the Principal, on receiving the petition, asks the latter: "What is all this about?" and, after hearing his side of the affair, refuses to read the letter. A deaf-mute and a hearing teacher room together, and the latter complains and the former is not expected to. A room happens to be vacant. It is given to a hearing teacher, who already has a good room, and his is given to a deaf-mute who hitherto endured wretched quarters. New houses are built, and deaf-mutes are left behind in a house that is turned into a shop and servants' loft. They storm and are given new rooms. One, again, has to storm for furniture, and is given a rug. A pair of teachers use up their carpet, and a deaf-mute supervisor's is appropriated and his floor left naked. A deaf-mute teacher is given a room just vacated by washerwomen, and a regular teacher's room is left vacant, because in the dim future an articulation teacher is expected to occupy it. Why is all this so? Does anybody not know that, whenever an inconvenience occurs, the whole Institution is to bear it and the evil not fall upon a few defenceless persons? Why does it always so happen that those persons are deaf-mutes, deaf-mutes? Was it an accident? Did it so happen after nights kept wakeful by a great love for deaf-mutes? Whenever we show our temper, the good people say to us: "Hash, dear, you are getting to be too boisterous, unreasonable and extravagant in your demands." Good Heavens, what does all that mean?

We are sorry to be compelled to make the above comments, but this is a public, not a private affair. We are criticising no men, but simply the course of the state as is seen in the acts of its stewards. We are state of ficers and, as such, are entitled to a right which no tender consideration of friendship will induce us to forego. We believe in clamor. "I love clamor where there is an abuse. The alarm bell disturbs the inhabitants, but saves them from being burnt in their beds," writes Burke. If, however, harsh feelings should be generated, we are sorry, but the anticipation of that does not deter us from signing our name in full:

DOUGLAS TILDEN.

Lowell, Mass.

Well, "Ted," Hubbie inspected Mr. Krause's awaker a long time ago, and would recommend it for its economy, simplicity, and the servant, who would take the trouble of setting the machine punctually regardless of their staying out late with their beaux. As to Mr. Tripp's apparatus, it is moved by clock power, at any time the sleeper wishes he can wake up, while Mr. K's is by hand power. It would even wake a dead drunk, while Mr. Krause's would not. Now, "Ted," do you still say that Mr. Krause's could knock Mr. Tripp's silly.

The Lowell Silent Society is getting to be more gay than before, for nearly all the deaf-mutes of this city have attended regularly for the past few weeks, and on Wednesday evenings, they play parlor games, dance, etc. On Sundays, the prayer meetings, as well as bible class, are worth attending.

Mr. M. J. O'Neil would like to hear from Mr. George Prigge, or his friends, as to his whereabouts. The last time he heard from him, he was in San Francisco, Cal., two months ago.

Mrs. Samuel Rowe, of Methuen, Mass., was here on a visit, and stopped at Mrs. P. J. Wright's. Meanwhile, she received a number of calls from her friends in this city.

Mrs. Geo. Converse, of Winchendon, is now the guest of Mrs. Wright, and will be for a week or so, then she will go to Boston to attend the Levee. She is a very entertaining lady.

Mr. V. B. Wright, of Nashua, N. H., was the preacher of last Sunday. At the service, brought by Miss Lafferty, was a very young and pretty deaf-mute lassie of French parentage. She was uneducated and not acquainted with the sign language. She will be sent to Montreal for education. She is at present working in the same mill with Miss L.

Mr. J. V. Nelson, who has worked in the Boot Mills for fourteen years, regardless of its being the coldest place, wherein he has been grumbling for the want of comfort, has left to accept a similar place in a much more comfortable place in the Mars Mills.

The proposed advance of wages, which is to take effect March 1, in the cotton mills, is a rejoicing to the operatives, who have been waiting patiently for a long time.

HUBBIE.

Feb. 8, '86.

NOTICES.

Rev. A. Mackay Smith, of St. Thomas' Church will preach at the 7:30 p.m., service in St. Ann's Church, next Sunday, February 14th, on "Civil Service Reform in relation to Righteousness." Interpretation for deaf-mutes.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet expects to conduct services for deaf-mutes next Sunday, February 12th, in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, at 12 (Holy Communion) and 3 p.m., and in St. Matthew's Church, South Boston, at 7:30 p.m.

Services in the signs, to which the residents of both places are earnestly invited, will be held, God willing, on Sunday, February 14th, as follows: At 11 a.m., in Trinity Chapel, Newark, N. J., at 3 p.m., in Christ Church, Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, E. D.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

LITERARY TREATS.

COLD BATHS.

Briefs.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

A good essay, a lively debate, a humorous dialogue, and a patriotic declamation,—thus briefly, the second meeting of the Literary Society for the present year, may be described. Mr. Cloud gave a sketch of the life of William Hickling Prescott, laying special stress upon the circumstances of his life, which teach a practical lesson to every one who will carefully consider them. Prescott is best known as the author of the "Conquest of Mexico," and of "Ferdinand and Isabella;" but if the circumstances under which he wrote these works were more widely known, they would be read with even more interest. Being made almost blind through an accident at college, he was obliged to hire persons to read to him, and as his subject required the examination of manuscripts, records compiled during many centuries, it took twenty years to finish his first work, that of "Ferdinand and Isabella." The favor with which it was received, and the praise which competent critics bestowed upon it, attest how carefully the work was done, and it is justly regarded as a standard work. It is a remarkable coincidence that Prescott, who was a grandson of Col. William Prescott, of Bunker Hill fame, married the granddaughter of a British officer in the same battle, and the swords of the enemies, descending to their grandchildren, were hung up crossed over the hearth of their happy home.

The debate turned upon the propriety of continuing the coinage of the standard silver dollar. Messrs. Painter and Leitner were solid for silver, while Messrs. Maginn and Shney favored the single gold standard, and thought the value of the silver dollar should be determined by its market value. The debate abounded in witty points and smart repartees; but, as in Congress, the silver men carried the day. If similar arguments obtain in Congress, we do not wonder the country must continue to be plagued with that clumsy coin, while our European brethren enjoy the use of the convenient gold coin. The arguments for silver, though at first sight apparently good, are subtle and short-sighted; and while our debaters probably believed honestly that their arguments proved what they seemed to, we can only hope that the day will not be far distant when the majority of our Congressmen shall not be equally short-sighted.

The dialogue between Messrs. Hanson and Long was essentially that the latter representing an ignorant country gentleman, who had inherited a large fortune and had become enamored with a refined lady of high social position, goes to a teacher to obtain his aid in writing an elegant letter to his love. Being asked whether he wants the letter in prose or verse, he replies neither, and is astonished to find that there are no other ways of expressing written language. Mr. Hofmeister closed the exercises with a declamation of the familiar poem, "Sheridan's Ride."

While these exercises were taking place in the Lyceum, Mr. Adams entertained the pupils of the Kendall school with the first lecture of the series to be given by the members of the Senior Class. His subject is appropriate to his audience, being entitled "Child-life in Ancient Greece." Children were the same then as now, their games were many of them like ours, their toys were the rudiments from which have grown the great varieties of to-day. They had rattle balls, balls and hoops; made clay houses, wooden boats and wax dolls; played "blind man's buff" and other games, though not exactly as we do.

In education most attention was given to physical development, the Spartan youth being trained for the army from his seventh year, but receiving very little mental culture. At Athens the youth were given mental instruction till sixteen years, and were thenceforth trained for the army. The gymnasiums were on a grand scale and had various divisions for different kinds of exercise, such as wrestling, ball playing, running, leaping, pitching the quoit, and swimming. Almost all became expert in walking on the thigh rope. The Athenians considered dancing and music essential parts of an education. Surveying it as a whole, we find that the Greek system of education developed to their fullest capacity the mental and physical powers of the Athenian youth. The Spartan youth became a mere animal, physically powerful, but morally heartless. And we notice a total absence of religious instruction.

Another cold wave and another snow storm, both worse than last month's, were the kind entertainment (?) to which we were treated by Old Probs during the week. The snow fell till it was 14 inches on the level, and the mercury went as far down as 3.8 degrees below zero, which was one tenth of a degree colder than at any time this winter. The plentiful supply of snow has enabled all of the students to treat one another to a snow-bath, and only two or three invalids (?) have missed the exhilarating pleasure of a thorough rubbing. One afternoon and evening the students constituted themselves a deaf-mute lady has to room with a servant. She appeals to the Board, and the

committee of the whole, and every one to be found, from mighty jumbo Lynch, to puny, plucky Washburn, learned that the will of the majority rules. Even our stalwart janitor was not forgotten, and possibly this kind remembrance has something to do with the fact that the water in the bath room is unusually hot this evening.

BRIEFS.

Photographer Douglas has gone to his home in West Gardner, Mass.

It has been decided to have a gymnastic exhibition this month, and Messrs. Adams, Berg, Hyde, Thompson and Leitner have been selected to arrange it.

The winner in the club swinging contest last Spring has just received his prize, a pair of Indian Clubs.

We heard some months ago that a vaulting "horse" had been ordered for our gymnasium. Is it finished?

At a meeting of the students this morning the following students were elected to manage the Reading Room for the remaining half of the College year: Messrs. Danizer, Dandou, McCarthy, Cleary, Standaer and Boland.

We learn that Mr. Haas, formerly of '84, is farming near Gowen City, Pa., and that he still takes a great deal of interest in the sporting interests of the College.

The kindly face of Mrs. Gallaudet is seldom seen on the Green this year. She spends most of the time at Columbia hospital to be cured of a nervous disease which has troubled her for years. We hear that she is improving, but very slowly.

The seniors are studying Dana's Geology. Who would think that the little stones, which in our boyhood we used to throw at the dogs with so much delight, are valuable pages in the earth's history?

A colored man was killed by a bank of earth falling upon him near the "M" street asphalt works.

Nature seems to delight in an occasional freak. According to the reports of the Signal Office, Dakota and Florida this morning enjoyed the same temperature,—30 degrees above zero.

The students of the National Deaf-Mute College rejoice because the already excellent equipment of their gymnasium has just been increased by the addition of a fine vaulting "horse."—*Washington Record*, Nov. 3, 1885.

Will not ye Editor kindly permit the type singer of the chronicle to make a short visit to Washington. We want to harden his constitution with a snow-bath; for, evidently the copy is in the habit of going out of the window, and presumably the typo has not the courage to follow it. In our abstract of Prof. Draper's lecture he makes us say "sacrificing" instead of "gratifying of their love." And a little below, by putting in a *not* where there should be none, he entirely reverses our statement by making us say that noble men will be forgotten.

If the gods have not set themselves against the finishing of the Garfield Memorial pictures, we do not see why they should not be done by this time. The firm which has the contract for printing them—viz., W. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia, was burned out Jan. 26. The firm has written to Prof. Draper that they will be in working order again in about two weeks, and that the pictures will be finished the first thing.

The pupils of the Kendall School were treated to a sleigh ride this afternoon in one of Knox's large excursion vehicles, and enjoyed it immensely, notwithstanding the somewhat clouded vision of the driver was not always quite able to distinguish between the road and the ditch.

FRANK FRYXELL.

Feb. 6, '86.

Northern Indiana.

Mr. W. Whitmore, a type-setter on the *Argus*, in La Porte, came over to see Mr. Jesse Cross, on the 16th inst., and returned home on the 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Bowers were over to see Mrs. B. Cross on the 17th ult. They also made Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Barnum a call in the evening.

Mr. B. Cross returned home from Walnut on the 18th ult.

Mr. E. Cripe is now working in the Knitting factory of Watford, and boarding with Mr. J. Cross.

Mr. P. Shuster and wife accompanied by E. Cripe, took supper with J. J. Cross and wife on the 24th of January. Mr. Jesse Cross and wife also made them a short call after supper was over.

"Juxta" received a card from Rev. Job Turner, of Stanton, Va., asking if N. D. Barnum, formerly of Chicago, is living near him. Yes, sir; he lives in J's father's house, a few rods from the place where the writer lives. He said that he and Noval went to school at Hartford, in 1833. He and Mr. B. are aged classmates.

On the 29th, "Juxta" and wife, accompanied by E. Cripe, took a sleigh ride 16 miles to see Mr. and Mrs. Ben Nordyke, of Kingsbury, and report having a good time. Mr. P. Minor, the bachelor, took charge of their house and stock while they were absent.

We often hear through the JOURNAL of Mr. and Mrs. Amos French paying mutes many miles away a visit. Why don't they come over and see their old friend, Mrs. Jasper J. Cross. She would like to have a chat with Mrs. A. French, as she hasn't forgotten the good times they had together at school.

The snow at La Porte County is now two feet deep,—nice sleighing.

The youngest child of B. Cross is ill.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Hygienic Congress, which was to have met this year at Vienna, has been postponed till next year.

An increase of ten per cent will be added to the wages of mill operatives in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, beginning March 1st.

The jury in the suit of Ellen Gahan against the Roehling estate awarded the plaintiff \$5,000. Judge Peckham granted a stay of sixty days.

The last cold wave passed over south Florida without doing any damage. The buds have put out since the last freeze, showing they are unharmed.

Dr. ALFRED C. POST died yesterday at his home, No. 291 Madison Avenue. He was born in this city on January 13, 1802, being a son of Joel Post, a well-known merchant.

ROBERT SCOTT, a clerk in the bonded warehouse of Bole & Ed, in San Francisco, was arrested last Thursday, charged with embezzling between \$35,000 and \$40,000 from his employers.

MR. WILLIAM DORSEIMER, United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York, has placed his resignation in the hands of President Cleveland. It will take effect as soon as his successor is named.

DR. FERHAN has sent a note to the Paris Academy of Sciences stating that "the preservative action" of his inoculations is due to exclusively chemical influences, and that this action, which procures immunity from cholera is the same as that which causes cholera.

UNDER the pretext of searching Greek vessels in the harbor for munitions of war, the Turks have insulted the Greek flag. It is feared that the act may be accepted in Athens as intentional, and that it will aggravate the seriousness of the situation.

CHARLES RUSSELL, a noted thief, safe-blower, and pickpocket, under sentence of three years in the penitentiary, escaped from the Cincinnati County Jail by going out with the Salvationists at the close of their services. He had shaved off his moustache and kept his face hidden until he mingled with the worshippers. His disguise was aided by stealing another prisoner's overcoat. He is still at large.

IN Norway it is believed that wolves are frightened away by telegraph lines. While a vote was pending on a grant to a new line, a member of the Storting remarked that, while his constituents had no direct interest in it, they would support the grant, because the wires would drive away the wolves. It is said that, however hungry a wolf may be, he will never go into a spot that is enclosed by ropes stretched on posts. It is stated, as a remarkable fact, that since the first telegraphic line was established, twenty years ago, wolves have never appeared in its neighborhood.

PRINCE ALESSANDRO TORLONIA died in Italy yesterday at the age of eighty-six. He was one of the greatest landowners in Italy. The princely title came to Alessandro from Victor Emanuel in acknowledgment of his service to the State in draining Lake Fucino, on the border of the Neapolitan province. Many of the most important excavations and discoveries of art treasures were made by him, and his collection of antiquities ranks second only to that in the Vatican. He founded schools, a great foundling hospital in Naples, and introduced many measures on his immense estates to improve the condition of the peasantry.

GENERAL WINIFRED S. HANCOCK died unexpectedly on Tuesday afternoon, after being confined to bed for forty-eight hours. The cause of his death was an affection of the kidneys, and accelerated by a chill on the back of his neck directly above the vertebrae. The New York *Herald* says of him: "General Hancock was the ideal soldier of the Army of the Potomac. From its first campaign under McClellan on the Peninsula to his last, through the Wilderness under Grant, save during two intervals when he was recovering from wounds received in battle, he was always at the front. Wherever impetuosity of action needed to be coupled with coolness of judgment for success in attack or in defence he never failed. Perfect gallantry, thorough knowledge of the profession of arms, absolute jealousy of his associates, lofty patriotism—all these were combined in him in full measure. He was an example that a soldier has no need to be eccentric to create a romantic interest in his person and career."

Unfortunate condition of Charles C. Dusenberre.

Clipped from the *World*, of February 4, 1886, is the following paragraph:

KILLED BY HER INSANE SON.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., Feb. 3.—On December 18 last Dr. C. A. Dusenberre and his wife, of Honesdale, started for Florida to spend part of the winter with their son, Richard, who owns an orange grove in that State. They took with them another son, Charles, about twenty-six years old, who had been recently cured of insanity. He had been the black fever several years ago and who had recently shown signs of insanity. During the voyage the afflicted son appeared to grow better, and so his father returned home, leaving his wife in Florida with her sons. He reached Honesdale on Monday last and then learned by telegraph that the mother had been killed near Tampa, Fla., by the demented boy on Sunday. None of the details of the case were given. The doctor, in grief, returned to Florida at once.

No explanation outside of some insane freak can be given for the deed. Charles was always fond of his mother, and it is believed that the probable affair was an accident. Mrs. Dusenberre, strange to say, had some foreboding before she left that the trip to Florida would be fatal. She said it seemed "as if fate had been exacting." Her maiden name was Elizabeth Sophia Connor, and she was born on Elizabeth Street.

Charles C. Dusenberre lost his hearing, I believe, at the age of 15, and came to the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, then known to the deaf-mute public as the 44th Street school. He studied there for a little more than a year, and then left for good. He was a schoolmate of the writer and a classmate of Mr. E. Souwene, of Brooklyn. He was quite intelligent, and retained most of his faculties before he came to school. He was quite companionable and gentlemanly. After he left the Institution, he began the study of art under a private tutor to become an artist, but the weakness and troubles of his eyes compelled him to give up the profession. He then secured a situation as an apprentice to a glass engraver at White Mills, Penn. There was not the least sign of such insanity to me when he called about a year ago, and it is a great surprise to his friends as well as sorrow to hear of him in such a condition as above stated in the paragraph.

S. P. CORNELIUS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8, 1886.

COLORADO.

An Opening for Eddie Dundon.

GLOBULES.

(From our Colorado Correspondent.)

Read!
We are mad,
And mad,
But we'll be glad
When the sweet "boy and boy" is over,
And once again we'll be in clover.

The above is intended for —.

The "snow-blockaded" JOURNAL of January 14th, which has just reached us, is indeed a proud, pleasing number. It reflects great credit on ye correspondents. Write often, ladies and gents, your letters are extensively read, and much appreciated.

There are only thirty-six pupils in attendance at the Institution this session.

J. W. Beaton made a few thousand dollars last year at Silverton. And he is not a deaf teacher.

Bro. Read's Agricultural Weekly, a bad case of journalistic nightmare, has discovered that the moon is green cheese, and that Prof. (?) Campbell contributed to the success of the recent entertainment at Colorado Springs. The Weekly then proceeds to weave a pretty fairy tale on the above basis, which lacks in it every essential element what is usually lacking in fairy tales—truth.

Miss Lucy Cox, of Hannibal, Mo., is benefiting her health by tarrying in our Italian climate—at Pueblo.

Mike Coyne, of Leadville, sleeps in a hammock with his boots and clothes on, both in winter and in summer. We have papers to vouch for this statement.

Elmer A. Ayers has probably caught on in good shape in the Sunny South, as he ordered his Denver mail to his address at New Orleans. There are worse men than Elmer Ayers, and we shall always be glad to hear of success attending his efforts in life.

William Raymond went east this morning with more baggage than a small family would care to carry. He will visit Florida before returning for the summer "circuit," and will be absent several weeks, combining business with pleasure.

The Index says its editor-in-chief, Rev. J. H. Purvis, is soon to depart for the east. Well, there is nothing appropriate in throwing an old shoe after him.

Eddie Dundon, of Columbus, O., if he has not been re-engaged by the Atlanta, can obtain an engagement for the coming season with the Pueblo base-ball Association, by sending his address to Manager Jack Connors, Box 882, South Pueblo, Colo. The Association, which is included in the Western League, would be glad to hear from him.

Poor "Harry Fielding!" He is catching it on all sides. But water always seeks its level, and there is no variation from the inexorable law of nature in his case. P. S.—It is also now in order for the Washington students who lauded him highly to the sky at the start, to go and bag his head.

Carl N. Hemans and another mute are now "traveling" and peddling sponges in the Western part of the state. Don't patronize these "worthies" when they come to your houses, they get their stock out of the hospitals in the big cities, and although they wash and freshen them up, they may still be impregnated with disease. Always interview them with base ball bats or stove poker.

The detectives (?) in Chicago who were detected by our esteemed neighbor, "St. Matt," to keep track of the "box car peddlers," from Colorado, are finding out nothing with remarkable rapidity. The average Chicago detective is noted for his obtuseness and partiality for Bemis' beer and free lunch on South Clark Avenue.

"Cactus" is told that unless he stops using our name in conjunction with St. Louis "wit" in the same paragraph, there will be blood on the moon. This is the truth boiled down to six lines.

A tramp named James Wendell, called at Kelly's boarding house some time ago and asked for something to eat. He was so thin, he said, when he had a pain he couldn't tell whether it was a touch of colic or backache. He claimed that he honorably graduated at Columbus, Ohio. "Free Lance," who is he any way?

The report that J. H. Purvis, B. A., was about to be wedded to Miss Minnie Green, has turned out to be a canard. Our informant handled the truth too economically, and in justice to Miss Green, who is a lady above reproach, we cheerfully correct the lie.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chaney, of Colorado Springs, are spending the winter at Carroll, Ohio.

A truck passenger arrived from the peddlers' Paradise, Chicago, this morning on the Kansas City express. Rather arid riding, it occurs to us. He says "St. Matt" had started on with him, but backed out at Joliet and returned home.

Tom Warren, who is not above the position he fills, presents rather a soldierly appearance these days in those blue trousers. Where did he get them?

"Atwell" is informed that if Frank Lindsay fails in his plans to establish a new mute paper, we beg to suggest that he buy out the Illinois Weekly. The suggestion is tendered in a benevolent manner.

Orange J. Kennedy has embarked in business at Pueblo and it is needless to state that he is as usual the picture of

youthful vigor and defiant push. In the Daily Chieftain of a recent date, is the following paragraph:

Some beautiful and artistic samples of engraving on wood are on our table. They are the work of Mr. Orange J. Kennedy, who has opened an office here for that kind of business. He is an experienced and master workman, and we predict that he will meet with success among us. Those needing anything in his line should give him a call or drop a postal card for prices and samples. Address Orange J. Kennedy, P. O. box 730, Pueblo.

Lars M. Larson, than whom there is not a more competent teacher in Colorado, New Mexico, Kansas and Wyoming, is making out pretty well so far with his Day school at Santa Fe, according to the territorial exchanges with which our eyes collide every day. It will no doubt be a confirmed success ere long.

W. E. Payton, a speaking brother of Miss Mary Payton and James Payton, both mutes of Monmouth, Illinois, is a passenger Conductor plying between Denver and Pueblo on the Rio Grande road, and can talk fluently with his hands. Mr. Payton is one of those obliging gentlemen who is disposed to want to help a reporter out on dull days. He always has an item of news when approached by a faber pusher and he gives it up almost without the asking.

Pat Cunningham was down from Aspen a short time ago. He had a pocketful of Henry Clays which he distributed lavishly and was quite anxious to know what the DEAF MUTES JOURNAL was saying about him. Dear Pat, why don't you subscribe! It is a far, far better thing to take your own paper than borrow your friend's. You can have your own just when you want it. And then you will be doing something like the fair thing towards the printer.

It may be of interest to the numerous readers of the JOURNAL to know as we expected in our last letter, Mr. Tourist of Ohio, the bosom friend of "St. Matt," showed up here last week, minus the letters of recommendation spoken of in Matt's letter. He was at taken before Justice Barrum. He claimed he was from Chicago, having got out of the "burg" just before the New Year snow storm and walked all the way to Denver, preferring to risk his life coming through the mountains than to try starvation in the polar hamlet during the five long months of winter that prevail in that region. He was given two hours to find a job or skip. He is now working in Hong King's cigar factory.

J. C. Hutchinson, a strong, healthy, vivacious lad from Minnesota, is in the employ of an extensive ranchman at Eaton, and is reported as doing well. A mute of Colorado and a nice and pretty young woman of Kansas, whose names we withhold at their request, have gone into a queer arrangement. On the first of January, they signed an agreement like this: The two are to begin saving money, and at the end of the year if there is a thousand dollars in the bank, money that they have saved outside of the regular income of any established business that either may have, they are to agree to become man and wife. The contract further States that the one who shows up the most money so saved, shall pop the question, name the day, and pay the expenses of the marriage. After they are man and wife, the cash saved by each party to the contract is to revert to that individual as his or her personal property. This is the most sensible marriage arrangement that we have ever heard of, and it will certainly result in the greatest happiness to both.

SOLID MULDOON.

DENVER, 2-2-'86.

Kansas City.

The social gathering which is to take place on the 20th, at Whittakers Hotel, No. 1026 Main Street, this city, will no doubt be the most enjoyable affair of the kind of the season. A general invitation is extended to the mutes living in and near Kansas City and it is hoped they will accept. Those who stay at home will miss a rare treat.

The cold weather has completely abolished the "street corner gathering." After all the alleged harm it has done it has accomplished some good. Not only this, but it has also kept the boys at their accustomed places behind the stove.

Ed. S. Beetle can be found every Saturday evening at our rendezvous on Ninth Street, clinking a couple of dimes. He has, we are glad to say, just secured a situation in the Anheiser Busch brewery.

In answer to "Solid Muldoon's" query we will say that Mr. Huff is not a book-keeper on the Times as stated in the associated press dispatch. He is out of work and usually calls on "Cactus" to borrow a stamp to ask his father-in-law for a loan of a few paltry dollars to settle his bills. He is a gentleman of leisure, you know, on the Leadville plan.

Egotist Harry Allison's bald head was visible in the museum the other day, and created quite a sensation by challenging the lightning calculator to solve an arithmetic problem in a limited space of time. His challenge was accepted, and before he drew the line under his example the lightning calculator gave the result, and Egotist Allison stepped off the rostrum a poorer but a wiser man. Frank Laughlin was also there, and on seeing the two tongued woman, exclaimed, "My Lord, my wife has only one, and she nearly talks me to death!" A naughty boy buried the fat woman's slipper at Frank's head, and at this juncture, a couple of cops stepped in and quelled the disturbance.

Mr. Hamden E. White has been thrown out of work by the cold snap, and is having a tough time generally. However, we hope warm weather will

set in as early as possible, so that Mr. W. can return to his old post.

On account of a severe attack of biliousness, Mr. Thomas Hogarth has been detained north for two weeks, thus failing to fulfill his engagement at the Museum this city. But he has recovered and we are informed that he will be here this week, and remain with the Gem Minstrel Co. for two weeks.

Ye argus-eyed scribe kept a vigilant watch for the Breviger Colonists, but they failed to show up. We know nothing personally about the party in question. Who is John Breviger anyway?

Elmer Ayers, alias the "Boy Preacher," alias the "Slick Faro Boy," etc., passed through the city recently en route for Denver, where he goes to hold cases in the Arcade.

Jonathan Greeley, having lost his wisdom teeth in an encounter *a la* John L. Sullivan, advertises in an evening paper for a new set. We have sent a marked copy to "St. Matt," the tooth carpenter of our modern Sodom, and confidently believe he will accept the job.

"Solid Muldoon" pleasantly remarks that his old admirer, "Jim Jams," possesses adamantine cheek. Now, we suppose the latter's answer will, as usual, occupy a whole page of valuable space in the JOURNAL.

A party of gay young folks were out sleigh riding last week. Although the roads were good and the horses "flyers," it was almost too cold to enjoy it.

Mysterious preparations have been going on in a corner for the past few weeks, and an elopement seems imminent. Numerous rumors are afloat on the streets, though none receive credence on account of the high standing of the parties.

Johnny Long had the misfortune to have his ears frozen quite badly, and is the first of the silent circle of this city that closely resembles a burro.

We hope our Sedilia friends will be on hand on the 20th, to attend the party, as they will not have an opportunity to enjoy a visit to this city for a long time.

The many friends of Miss L. Cox, of Hannibal, will be pleased to learn that she will take charge of a millinery store in Pueblo, Colorado, the coming summer. She is now stopping with her sister, Mrs. H. J. Kennedy, at that place.

Visitors were very scarce this week, which may be ascribed to the bad weather. It seems that the reports of the discovery of a number of persons frozen to death on the plains have thoroughly frightened the calling fiends.

It is a curious fact that all attempts so far to establish an independent deaf-mute paper have proved disastrous failures. May I ask what reason on there is why deaf-mute journalism should not be encouraged? The mutes of the country should support papers published in their interest in preference to those published for hearing people. There are only two papers now published in the interests of the deaf and dumb, viz: the JOURNAL and the Silent Nation. They are both well edited, readable papers, and deserve a liberal patronage. But they are published in the East—in fact so far in the East that they are scarcely known to exist by the majority of the mutes out West. That the West needs an independent, non-sectarian, red hot newspaper, published exclusively for the deaf and dumb, no one will deny; but the question arises, who has the courage and back bone to take the matter up? Of course it would take money to establish and maintain a paper. If, out of a population of 1,000, (the number of mutes west of Mississippi river) one-fifth would aid the enterprise to the extent of the subscription price, the West would soon have a paper second to none in the United States. However, there are a great many obstacles in the way which we will have to overcome, the chief one of which is distrust. Why not forget past difference, pull together and aid all enterprises essential to your own interests? The more our more fortunate brethren read about us the better they will understand and appreciate our worth and ability.

2-6-'86.

CACTUS.

Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

TREASURER'S BULLETIN No. 15.
KENDALL GREEN, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
February 6, 1886.
From Beverly, Mass., through Lucy M. Street.

Papula New England Industrial School,	\$ 75
Richard A. Kinsella,	35
Receipts of the week,	1 00
Acknowledged last week,	178 31
Total in Treasurer's hands,	179 31
Other assets reported last week,	1,410 83
Total assets,	\$1,590 14

A. G. DRAHER,
Treasurer.

NOTICE.

Robert D. Livingstone, who was elected a director of the New England Gallaudet Association from Connecticut at the last convention, having moved into Massachusetts, sent his resignation to the President, and J. E. Livingstone, of New Hampshire, has also removed to Massachusetts. The President proposed the names of W. H. Weeks for Connecticut, and W. E. Deering of New Hampshire, to fill the vacancies, which proposition has been approved by the full board, and they are therefore elected to serve until the next convention.

JOHN T. TILLINGHAST,

President.

JOHN F. DONNELLY, Secretary.

CHICAGO.

Another Impostor.

SPLINTERS.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

The Pas-a-Pas Club held its regular meeting, on the 16th of last January. The resignation of Mr. Dougherty as President and member of the Pas-a-Pas Club was accepted with much regret, and as an appreciation of his good services, he was elected an honorary member of our club. Mr. Holmes was the next to resign, because he wanted to go back to the old deaf-mute society, which was resurrected after having been dead for an age.

We have decided to have a masquerade ball, at the elegant Butterfield Hall, on the corner of 26th and Butterfield Streets, on the 20th of this month. Messrs. Mullen, Wm. Gibney, and Chas. Angle are the Committee appointed to make arrangements. All parties, living near and far, are cordially invited to be present. The Committee will endeavor to make it eclipse any other party of its kind in grandeur.

It is said on good authority that Miss Attie Lefi is going to be married sometime this month to a gentleman of New Jersey. An alleged Professor, who would make a very good cell mate for the solitary Gent. Cameron has left for Kansas City to consult the young gentleman of more than ordinary reasoning ability as to the shortest route to Denver, by asking the loan of a few dollars.

The old deaf-mute society that suspended long before this young generation saw anything of Chicago, has suddenly come to life again. Although its reorganization is to be deplored, owing to the fact that most of its old members were members of the Pas-a-Pas Club, yet we do not apprehend any harm to our club, but a little spirit of rivalry will tend to make our club the crack one in the northwest. It is sincerely to be hoped that the relations between the two societies will exist in harmony and friendship.

A dashing young bachelor, who has grown to be a little too fond of Thos. and Jeremiah, was seen emerging from the awful jingles of Clark St., where wild tigers abound, at a very early hour the other morning, looking very romantic with a battered plug hat and a big head. We are afraid his two dear friends did him foul play.

Two German deaf-mutes were brought before Justice Keister for assault and battery. When the justice was told that the complainant was too deaf-mute, he remarked that they ought to be brought before a deaf-mute justice. It seems that they complainant owns a cigar factory and he employed the two prisoners to do him a job, and for some imaginary grievance they assaulted him. All of the parties the trial, finding themselves unable to make the honorable court understand their case, the wife of the complaint played a pantomime by seizing her husband by the throat and pointed with her other hand in a most dramatic way, to the amusement of all persons present. Owing to insufficient evidence, the prisoners were discharged. The names of the parties concerned in this affair have escaped the memory of your correspondent.

The great Indian Chief, Mr. Champ. Buchan, left town last Saturday night for Sycamore, Ill., to see his little hopeful.

News of a most delightful nature comes from Louisville, Ky., to the effect that the young scamp, who had the gall to prosecute the young lady who had more than once befriended him in the hour of need, was floored in his law suit. A New Albany paper says: "E. O. Herr has dismissed his suits in this city and Louisville against Miss Annie L. Reighart, he paying all costs. The matters in dispute have been settled, and all parties are satisfied. Thus ends a somewhat celebrated case. The parties are deaf-mutes, and Mrs. Reighart is a beautiful and talented woman." Having straightened up her affairs, we hope to see once more the bright presence of Mrs. Reighart in our midst.

We are sorry "Solid Muldoon" took our little retort to heart. When that tender-hearted fellow takes a fancy to make Chicago a visit, he will be escorted by a squad of the police—to the Bridewell—oh, no, but simply to protect his precious self against the attacks of those dumb peddlers on his way to a well filled table in a fashionable down town resort, where the choicest wine and egg-nog will flow in great abundance, and then we will be the best of friends.

A sight of that round and jovial face would produce the same effect on the dumb peddlers as a red rag has on an infuriated bull.

The most searching inquiry at the Bridewell has failed to develop anything in regard to a deaf-mute woman being there. We are afraid "Free Lance" was misinformed.

The Pas-a-Pas Club will hold its next meeting on the 6th inst, and a lecture will be in order.

Your correspondent made a visit to the County Jail in company with a reporter of the Morning News, and the following extract from the morning news will best explain our interview with the impostor Pler:—

PLER'S SORRY FAILURE.—Louis Pler, who has been posing as a deaf-mute in order to secure sympathy and who is now in jail for stealing, was interviewed yesterday by a reporter of the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL of New York, for the purpose of testing his proficiency in hand talking

Pier at once opened a conversation with the reporter, using all manner of gesticulations and signs, but was rewarded with a look of blankness. Pler redoubled his exertions with no effect. When the sign language was made before him he in turn looked blank.

"I learned the language in France," said Pler, "of the most famous teachers with whom I was acquainted."

But the reporter made signs of disgust to a deaf-mute companion, which translated meant "This is a great fraud."

Here is a chance for the Davis Menagerie to make five cents.

Another impostor has loomed up in the character of a religious man. The following is an extract from the Chicago Evening Daily News.

PLAYED PLER'S GAME.

Carl Stromberg, a long-faced, solemn looking individual, was arraigned before Justice Kersten this morning for vagrancy. The complaining witness against him was E. B. Turner, the janitor of Moody's Chicago Avenue church.

"This man," said Mr. Turner, "came into our meetings about two weeks ago, and at once evinced great interest in religion. He appeared to be a deaf-mute, but he signified a desire to be prayed with, and much interest was taken in him. He begged from the people, and I became suspicious of him. Last night I found him asleep in a closet in the church, and sent for a policeman and had him arrested."

Stromberg refused to say anything in his own defense. He said he had been living at 54 North Market street. Justice Kersten sent him to the bridewell under a \$25 fine.

The prisoner had in his pocket a letter in English and a copy in Polish stating that he was a deaf-mute, and imploring the aid of all good Christians to enable him to raise money to get to Milwaukee.

ST. MATTHEW.

WOONSOCKET.

Mr. McCabe, a semi-mute Hercules, of Scranton, Penn., was in town recently.

Mrs. Levi A. Lester, of Providence, is well versed in ancient history.

Miss Cora Marks, of Providence, is now doing housework for Mrs. Follett.

Mike McMahon left here directly for Montreal some time ago, and from the latter city he went to Buffalo, N. Y., where he is now employed as a cigarmaker.

Mrs. Pollett contemplates taking deaf-mute boarders next summer. Several of them have made application to her, but she has not determined as yet whether or not, she will board them, though she has offers already from some hearing people. Her home is very pleasant.

Joseph H. Donnelly recently electrified a group of mutes in Lynn at 9:30 p.m., by opening the door of their room unceremoniously. His coming was wholly unexpected, but he was the more welcome.

Levi A. Lester is a great admirer of Thos. and Jeremiah. He has been to Boston, New York and Philadelphia for that purpose. He is elated over the prospect of his going to Washington, where the National Convention is to be held, to view the wonderful structures. "He will be able to kill two birds with one stone." A good idea.

Mrs. Levi A. Lester is now paying a visit to her married sister in Worcester. We trust that she is having the benefit of the change of air and scene, and hope that she will return home in excellent health and spirits.

Oscar Kinsman, Rhode Island agent for the Gallaudet Memorial Fund, has distributed circulars. It is to be hoped that this little State will respond with a big heart. The members of the deaf-mute society have concluded to sell a few things belonging thereto, the proceeds of which will be turned over to Treasurer Draper through the agent.

A tramp printer, named Maltby, came to the composing room a few days since, and accosting a mute typo, he asked him if he knew Mr. Edwards, of the Elmira, N. Y., Tidings. He said he knew Edwards and his wife, parents, etc. Edwards' father was well known in Springfield, Ill., as a living skeleton, 6 feet high. The tramp was well cared for on that account.

We are pleased to note that all the mutes in this State, with one exception, are prosperous and happy, as far as work is concerned. Of Charles Campbell, of Central Falls, we can speak highly of him. He is a skillful machinist, and is always retained, when many others are discharged for lack of orders, etc. He is a jolly fellow, but we hope he will be a happy benedict in due time. He is very popular with those who know him.

WOONSOCKET.

The Brooklyn Society.

The annual election of officers of the Brooklyn Society took place last Wednesday evening with the following result: President, Henry L. Jubring (re-elected); First Vice-President, Henry Hovel; Second Vice-President, Charles E. Green; Secretary, Geo. L. Reynolds; Treasurer, Thomas Godfrey; Sergeant-at-Arms, Robert M. Patterson.

A debate under the auspices of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes, in aid of the Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund, will be held on Thursday evening, the 18th, in the Sunday School room of St. Ann's Church, between representatives of Brooklyn and New York. Subject, "Would free trade be more conducive to the prosperity of the United States than protection?" Admission ten cents. Come one, come all.

CHARLES E. GREEN,
Secretary.

Brick Building Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

BULLETIN No. 31.	
Cash	50
Dec. 31, J. R. Goldman,	3 00
Jan. 3, A. A. Barnes,	2 10
Jan. 17, Louise Roller,	2 00
" 18, Mrs. Witbeck, Troy,	6 00
Michael McLaughlin, Albany,	8 30
" 29, Stephen Knapp, employes through C. E. Green,	6 00
St. Herman Eschert,	1 00
Miss Ellen Riedel,	25
By letter	24 39
The fund now amounts to \$1,435.38.	
CLEMENT B. THOMSON, 22 E. 21st St., Secretary and Treasurer.	

NEW YORK.

Our Intention Deferred.

CHAT FROM THE SOCIETIES.

Tid-Bits.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

We had intended this week to begin our article with a suggestion on a project that would increase the "Gallaudet Memorial Fund" in a short space of time, to much larger proportions than it has yet attained, but as circumstances have occurred since we formed the idea, we think it better to wait a little longer to see if it cannot be done by individual subscriptions to the same, and thus make more certain the successful carrying out of the project, and at the same time confer full credit on its originators.

New York has not in five years experienced such cold weather as came on us last Thursday, and in consequence, the number of frost-bitten noses, ears, hands and feet, were numerous. The persons who suffered most were those employed along the river fronts, and the car and truck drivers.

If any body in the city desires to see just how the weather stands about this time of the year, the most convenient place for so deciding is on the great bridge. Very few ventured across this thoroughfare on foot during the day, and the few that did suffered in some form or other from the cold.

The most comical was that of a man who having reached the New York terminus, did not know what to make of several stalwart policemen running up to him, seizing him, and beginning to rub his nose vigorously. He was not aware that member was frozen, and the operation was the cause of bringing the tears to his eyes, whether in gratitude or fear would be difficult to determine.

The debate which comes off on the 18th between the "two cities" is creating considerable interest among those mutes who are able to understand the question.

It was the cause of a hot discussion one day last week between the advocates of each side, which came near resulting in blood being spilled, but onlookers interfered, and the contestants withdrew to have consolation in a "snile."

It may not be amiss here to suggest that the committee in charge appoint some capable person to explain in brief just what "Free Trade" and "Protection" in reference to what the question signifies before the debate opens.

The C. L. and B. U. were honored by the presence of Rev. W. H. Carroll, S. J., and Vicar-General Scoles, of Demarara, British Guiana, at their meeting last Thursday evening. The former reverend gentleman on retiring, sent with his compliments, a box of Reina Victoria, which was duly appreciated by a vote of thanks, tendered from all present before the meeting adjourned. The latter was also present at the Sunday services last Sunday and seemed greatly interested.

It is not probable the society will hold a picnic or excursion during the coming summer, as from what we learn it's business affairs require a good deal of attention, but some of the younger members are for having a private yachting party.

Our friend "Snooks" informs us that the Gallaudet Club intend to have a private excursion before the roses have ceased to bloom, and that it will be a "tony" affair, and at the same time remunerative to the treasury of the club, is without doubt. This will be contradicted perhaps by a few who think the club can only be approached by those who can afford the required dollars and cents—dollars and sense would be more appropriate,—for from what we can learn from "Snooks" (our friend) the Gallaudet club is composed of representative New York mutes, and gentleman at that, and many of those who spend their money in other ways would find its rooms and its society, too, more beneficial to their own interests if they would do away with unnecessary prejudice and become initiated.

The election of officers and inaugural dinner takes place the third Wednesday in April—so says "Snooks,"—and from him we learn the prospects of the club were never better.

The election of officers was before the Brooklyn Society Wednesday last, with the following results: Mr. Jubring, as the President, continues at the helm, with Messrs. Hovel and Green in the respective positions of Vice and 2d Vice-Presidents. Mr. George Lucias Reynolds was, after much declining, coaxed to act as Secretary, while genial Tom Godfrey took the key to guard the receipts of the society for the coming year. Notices of the election and of the debate to be held on the 18th appeared in the Brooklyn Eagle the next day.

The "Tally-Ho-Club's" turnout comes off on the 5th of July, as the 4th accidentally falls on Sunday. The place chosen will be either "Harry Hill's Pavilion" or some other resort for such parties near Sheepshead Bay, L. I. Several athletic contests are promised, and a good time generally, as the "bhoys" know only how to have, may be expected. We will have more to say on this event as the time approaches.

"Dot leetle German Band" with President Kuss at its head will be heard from soon in the way of a picnic, to be given when the weather permits for "zwei beer." As its mem-

bers, forefathers were known to be jolly, the present generation will not be lacking in that respect, when they do come out. But see to it "mine friends," dot the affair was taken place by dot city of New York.

TID-BITS.

Thomas W. Brown, familiarly known as "Tom" for short, will be on hand on the 18th, and should anybody mean-time be in want of points as to which will be the probable winning side, he is willing to be interviewed.

Sam W. McClelland paid his first visit to the new abode of the Gallaudet club Saturday evening, and enlightened "Snooks" as to how things were going on in Jersey.

The New England Banquet will receive a goodly contingent of New York mutes, as at least six have already expressed their intention of attending. We would like to be on hand, but business says otherwise.

If anybody in Hartford is acquainted with the disposition made of the Mr. Mattison's will, particulars through the JOURNAL would be appreciated by several persons interested hereabouts.

Mr. Dennis Sullivan has just finished a crayon portrait of one of Haverstraw's respected citizens. Same reflects great credit on the artist. If all things go well, Mr. Sullivan intends to settle in New York. He is at present employed by one of our leading artists on Union Square.

Mr. A. L. Thomas is the happy possessor of a "comforter" from home that would smother a five-year old boy. The way he wears it, shows he is not inclined to become one of New York's foremost duds.

Remember, boys, the debate between the "Two Cities" comes off on the 18th. Admission is ten cents. The competitors are now in active training, the free-traders in a remote part of Long Island, the protectionists somewhere up about High Bridge. No better opportunity is offered you to show off your girl. If you have none, take some other fellows', and if she doesn't enjoy it, come to me, and I will tell you the reason why.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

Narrow Mindedness.

"Oh, Truth! immortal daughter of the skies,
Too little

FANWOOD.

A Serious "Bobbing" Accident.

THE JAM CLUB PARTICIPATE IN A DEBATE.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

It is a curious fact how readily a mute will be moved by his own impulses to do a thing, even at great sacrifice. Last Thursday evening about fifteen boys turned out in the ten-below zero air, and watered their "bobbing" slide, and thought it was fun, even though it was so cold that as many as five of them had their ears frozen. Supposing it was suggested by some wise head, or were ordered to do the very thing, they would stand on their ears and demand a fair compensation. Nevertheless coasting is in excellent condition, and "bobbing" parties have been all the go for the past few evenings. The First Class boys say their bob-sled is champion.

LATER.—A dreadful accident happened last Monday, which has brought "bobbing" to a sudden death. The boys were in their highest glee, and one load started down the Fort Washington road through the woods with Andrew J. Salmond at the steering. The sled is all ice, and the speed nearly a mile a minute. At the swift point is a curve which is about half way between the distance, and at that point on the right is a ditch and a big rock. As they were carried onward in their rapid and reckless flight, the load which numbered some ten boys swayed their bodies right and left, thus unbalancing the bob and making the steering unmanageable for the head man. Before they knew it they were dashed against the rock all into a heap, and the agony which came from the injured was most pitiful. The helpless were carried to the hospital on a stretcher, and the following list of injured: John McEvoy, foot broken at the ankle, G. W. Miller, ankle sprained and hole through between the ankle bone and tendon; Andrew Salmond, thighs badly hurt; Fred Felton right ankle sprained; James H. Caton, the blind deaf-mute, fingers smashed, and the rest were badly shaken up. Messrs. McEvoy and Miller were so seriously injured that they were taken to the 59th Street Hospital for treatment. Mr. Brainerd has ordered all bob sleds used by the pupils to be destroyed, and it is doubtful if any more will ever be permitted in the future.

The accident is greatly lamented by all, and if the boys had been guided by the wisdom of the acting-superintendent, it would never have happened. They had petitioned and implored in vain for permission to use the bob-sled, and it was not until their importunities were seconded by the request of some of the teachers and the Principal, that he yielded.

The debate in the chapel, last Saturday evening was probably the longest of the term, and was participated in by no less than fourteen persons, six of whom were the regular ones, appointed by the President, the remaining eight being volunteers. The question was: "Which is more enjoyable, life in the city, or life in the country? and the debaters for city, were Messrs. Gately, Hanson, Brown; for country, Messrs. Salmond, Engle and Quigg. The volunteers were Keiswetter, Geary, Supervisor Howell, and Miss Annie Austin, for city; Caton, Dunn, Lloyd and Miss Georgie Decker, for country. After the volunteers had exhausted themselves and the audience, the president proceeded to elect ten judges. The first two names were objected to by J. H. Geary, because they had taken part in the debate as volunteers for the Country, while he had stood up for the city. The president sustained his position, and the two volunteers for the country voted for the country, and those two votes won the debate. The judges and the side they took were, for country, Miss Decker, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Ryckman, Miss Sandford, Mr. Reimann and Miss Kaiser. For city, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Tyler, Miss Harty and Miss Boyd. This was hardly a victory for the country, and those who upheld the other side do not feel cast down, so to speak. The two girls are to be congratulated for their bravery, since we believe it is the first time young ladies ever mustered up enough courage to face an audience in a debate.

About two o'clock on Thursday morning the Institution buildings were greatly shaken by an explosion of great forces. At daylight it was discovered that a powder house, where a gang of men were at work on the new aqueduct at Fordham, a village about two miles north-east of the Institution, went up in smoke. Robert Maynard, whose home is at that place, says the shock was so great that it broke nearly all the glass in the windows of his home.

John M. Stout intended to exhibit his bicycle tricks at the Institution last Thursday, but postponed it on account of the severe cold. He has long felt the need of an agent to arrange engagements, and has found a very able one in the person of Alexander L. Pach. Though still acting in the capacity of reporter for the Commercial News, he will combine both.

Mr. Joseph H. Penrose, the mute brother of Frank, a Fanwood bicyclist here, expects to sail for the Bermuda Islands on a matter of business, on the 2d of March. We all wish him a pleasant journey.

A meeting of the "Ariel Boat Club" took place on Wednesday evening, February 2d, for the purpose of electing its new officers for the coming season. U. G. Dunn was elected captain, J. H. Geary, 1st mate; W. H. Fomire 2d mate; F. M. Honck, Secretary; P. Mitchell, Treasurer; C. T. Thompson and G. T. Fisher, sponge boys. The ex-committee is composed of Messrs. Lloyd, Geary and Fomire.

Edward D. Heller, a graduate of Fanwood, is prospering in his poultry business in Riegelsville, Pa.

The son of Charles W. Van Tassel, one of our teachers, living in Tarrytown, sustained an almost serious accident some time ago. An axe was thrown by a boy which hit him on the forehead. The axe happened to be dull, and fortunately did little harm.

We are informed that Prof. Mann has gone into the poultry business, and that Supervisor Howell has been offered partnership.

St. Valentine's Day is near at hand, and the boys and girls are full of expectations as to what Cupid will bring.

Both sexes are working like beavers for the success of the forthcoming masquerade, and a good time may be looked forward to.

"What are you doing?" inquired the matron last Saturday, as she saw little Johanna Zettl putting some paper into the fire.

"Burning Friday," replied the five-year-old little girl, "because it is Saturday now." It was a leaf of the calendar which she had put into the fire.

A French woman, who became insane from the loss of \$30,000, committed suicide, last Saturday, by jumping off High Bridge. Every bone in her body was broken. The scene where she ended her life was visited by some of the boys.

Mr. Tracy Manchester, the new night watch, has been confined to bed for a short time, but is now on duty again. Messrs. McVea and Cotter performed his duties during his absence.

Frank Penrose is going to Florida and Cuba, in October next, with his hearing brother, E. B. Penrose.

The December number of the *Medical-Legal Journal*, of this city, publishes the following relative to Dr. Peet:—

"The President elect of the Medical-Legal Society, who will be installed at the January meeting of 1886, is one of the old members of the Society, who has long taken an interest in forensic medicine, and has been for many years at the head of the Institution for Deaf-Mutes of this city. His paper entitled 'The Psychological Status and Criminal Responsibility of the Totally Uneducated Deaf and Dumb,' was read before the Medical-Legal Society, on the 9th of November, 1871, more than fourteen years ago, and is regarded as standard authority on that subject everywhere. It is published in the first volume of *Medical-Legal papers*, page 616.

"Dr. Peet will bring to the chair of the Society rare attainments, great enthusiasm and an earnest endeavor. We congratulate the Society on the rare good fortune which has attended its selection for its President. The refusal of Dr. Doremus to serve another year was regretted by all, and was a surprise to the Society. The withdrawal of Prof. John M. Garmonian and Dr. Andrew H. Smith who were nominated at the November meeting, and the refusal of Mr. Clark Bell to accept the office, left the members in the lurch, as to their proper representative to be made. We feel sure that the Society under the leadership of Dr. Peet will go forward in its career of prosperity and usefulness."

AQUILA.

Sermon at the funeral of Nellie Amendt Bentzel, a deaf-mute age six years.

YORK, Pa., Jan. 31, 1886.

MY DEAR JOURNAL:—I arrived here yesterday afternoon to officiate for Mr. Koehler to-morrow afternoon.

This afternoon Miss Camelia A. Barnitz and I called on Mrs. Amanda Bentzel, once a member of the Philadelphia Deaf-Mute School. Her husband was also educated at that school. He is earning a good livelihood as a house-carpenter.

Mr. and Mrs. Bentzel had the misfortune to lose their deaf-mute daughter Nellie by death, on the 11th inst. She was buried on the 13th.

Mrs. Bentzel showed me the funeral sermon over Nellie's remains, a copy of which I will send you, as I think it worth publishing in the JOURNAL.

The copy is as follows:—

"He hath done all things. He maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak." Mark XII. 37.

I am sorry that the persons most affected and interested on this occasion, can find no comfort from anything that I may say. But the Lord can, in answer to our prayers, and their work mightily upon their hearts, and comfort them with his grace.

It is said of Jesus that he doeth all things well. This he does. 1. Because he is infinitely wise and knows how to do things well. The apostle says, "In him are the treasures of wisdom." He is called "the wisdom of God." "His understanding is infinite." He can make no mistakes. There are men who mean well, but having little knowledge or foresight, they make many mistakes. Jesus makes none; he does every thing well. He sees through and can unravel every difficulty, comprehends every possible movement, sees the end from the beginning. 2. He does everything well because he does it so tenderly, so lovingly. As God, he is love, and as man, he is tender, loving, compassionate and helpful in man. These qualities, in their fullness, were united in Jesus. Naturally we would expect him to see things well. Love withholds no good and inflicts no hurt. To us many things seem just the reverse, inflicting the hurt and withholding the good.

"What I now do," Jesus said "Ye know not but ye shall know." Things will be cleared up after a while—often in this life, but certainly in the life to come. Then will the saints and angels

say, with far greater enthusiasm than the people who stood around Jesus on the earth said, "He hath done all things well, he makes both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak." And those most perplexed on earth and often utterly confounded at the mysterious providences over them will shout the loudest when they are explained and made clear. They will see wisdom and goodness in them all.

3. He is able to do all things well. "Is anything too hard for the Almighty?" "With God all things are possible." A person who is capable of doing things well, would be inexcusable if he did them indifferently; and the more persons interested, the more is it necessary that he exert himself to do things well. Oh, how many are interested in Christ's work? Millions upon millions—some indirectly, as the angels, some directly as man. All the universe of beings is looking on whether the blessed Jesus is doing his work well. Just as we are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses, who are looking, to see how we are running; the Christian race? 4. Some things are mentioned which he did well. He made the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak. Christ came into the world to make a full and complete restoration of the fall. Bodily defects, and mental weakness—not indeed in this life or only in part, as when he restored the sight of some blind, hearing to some deaf, speech to some dumb, etc., to attest his divinity, and to show what he can and will do, not now, but in the time to come. Here in this life, Paul says of the body, "It is sown in corruption. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power." Why some are born blind or lame or mute, we cannot tell. The disciples were curious upon one occasion and ventured to ask Jesus, "Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents that he was born blind?" "Jesus answered, Neither, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." It will all be right in the end if we only do our part. Jesus has full atonement made for all our sins, and infirmities of body, mind, and soul.

And Nellie is gone! She will never come back, as she was. She is no longer a mute. Her spirit, her life is still with you. What a bright-eye she had! How it sparkled, when her soul was moved by some pleasing emotion. And her face, how it was covered over with smiles. I scarcely ever saw a face that shone with such brightness as hers. I saw her often and in passing and re-passing. She seemed always to be the same bright-eyed, and smiling faced little Nellie. We all loved her, but Jesus loved her more. He had the best claims on her, and he came and took her to his home above. Try and meet Jesus and Nellie up there.

She expired at the age of six years, on the 11th of January. The good sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Allenman, a Lutheran minister of great learning. She was consigned to the grave on the 13th.

I am the guest of Mr. Michael D. Barnitz and his sister Camilla.

On my way from Staunton to Richmond, Va., I met a lady on train, who said, by spelling on fingers that she and her deaf and dumb sister lived in Oregon, and that the latter was educated at Columbus, O.

Last week I staid about four days with Mr. Thomas Penn and his sister Mary, both deaf-mutes at Reidsville, N. C. They told me that their father's father, brother and sister, were all mutes. The brother can cut a cord of wood in one day, though he is eighty years old. They are descendants of Wm. Penn.

About two weeks ago, I called to see Miss Annie Huger and Kate Elliott in Washington City. I saw Annie, but Kate had gone out. They are, I am told, descended from the Huguenots who came from France to South Carolina in which state the ladies spoken of first saw the light. Since writing the above, I have had a service at St. John's church this (Sunday) afternoon.

I leave for the South to-morrow. I shall marry another deaf-mute couple in Virginia in about two weeks.

After performing the ceremony, I shall resume my duties in earnest in the far South for several months, if I continue in good health.

Yours truly,

JOB. TURNER.

Singing Sands of California.

An examination of the musical sands of California, which have excited so much interest on the part of geologists and others, shows that they possess a peculiar microscopical structure. The grains are found to be chiefly composed of small portions of coral and apparently calcareous sponges; they are all more or less perforated with small holes, in some instance forming tubes, but mostly terminating in blind cavities, which are frequently enlarged in the interior of the grains, communicating with the surface by a small opening. There were also in the sand small black particles, formed principally of crystals of augite, nepheline and magnetic oxide of iron, imbedded in a glassy matrix. The structure of these grains explain, it is thought, why sound is omitted when set in motion; that is, the friction against each causes vibrations in their substance and consequently in the sides of the cavities they contain—and these vibrations being communicated to the air in the cavities under the most favorable conditions of producing sound, the result is the loud noise occasioned when any large mass of sand is set in motion, there being, in fact, millions upon millions of resonant cavities, each giving forth sound.

The Household.

Pop overs.—Four eggs, four cups of flour, four cups of milk, small pieces of butter, pinch of salt. Bake in gem pans and serve with sauce.

A new decorative fancy is to paint ale jugs with landscapes. The necks and handles are gilded or bronzed, and the inevitable bow of ribbons finishes the adornment.

Shaving paper holders are made of toy wash boards, colored or gilded, with "clean shave" or any fanciful design in the upper part. The shaving paper is attached to the back of the washboard, and it is suspended by cord or ribbon.

A light tea cake is made by this recipe: One cup of sugar, two eggs, half a cup of melted butter, one and a quarter cups of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream-of-tartar and one tablespoonful of soda. Add flour enough to make a stiff batter. Bake twenty minutes in a good oven.

Leg of mutton a la provencale, is prepared in this way. Make several cuts in a leg of mutton with a sharp pointed knife and in each cut place a clove of garlic. When thus prepared bake and roast it, and serve with a piquante, palvade, ravigote, romolade, Robert, shallot, tartar or tomato, sauce.

One of the newest fancies for drawing room decoration is a pair of dainty scales for the weekly weighing of the baby. The scales are handsomely finished and have curiously designed weights one side, while on the other is a wicker basket in which the precious baby is laid and the increasing avoirdupois duly noted.

This sweet dish is recommended: Boil some rice quite soft, and when it is dry mix it with a boiled custard of three eggs and a pint of milk flavored with vanilla; marschino may be added. Add a little stewed fruit or jam and half a pint of whipped cream. Mix thoroughly; pour it into a mould, set it in the ice until quite firm, and then turn it into a dish and serve.

A clever woman has an original way of keeping money. She has a box marked "household," in which the money for the house is put; another marked "dress," and another marked "amusement." Into the latter box the money received for gifts and all saved from the other two boxes is put every month and the cost of many a pleasant outing has been taken from its contents. This person keeps strict accounts, and if the amusement box is not supplied with the necessary funds when a trip to the country is desired, the outing is not indulged in until the amount is in the box.

For calves' head soup: Soak a calf's head in water for several hours, or over night. Put it in a soup kettle and cover it with water, adding a carrot cut in pieces, an onion, a sprig of thyme and six cloves; let it simmer for three hours. At the end of this time take off the skin and meat and put the bones back in the kettle and simmer for two hours. Strain the soup, adding wine, pepper and salt to taste, small pieces of the skin and meat, slices of egg and lemon and some beef stock. Form balls of the tongue and brains, adding a little garlic and egg, making them quite soft. Roll them in bread crumbs and fry them, and then drop them into soup.

1886.

A Deaf-Mute Bicyclist.

JOHN M. STOUT

Is open to engagements to exhibit on the Star Bicycle. Over 100 different tricks.

LIST OF ENGAGEMENTS.
Feb. 14 to 20—Stamford, Bridgeport, Hartford, New Haven, Springfield.
Feb. 13.—Manhattan Rink, 59th St. and Eighth Ave., at 3 and 8 P. M.
Feb. 22—Paine Hall, Appleton Street, Boston, Mass.
Parties desiring Mr. Stout's services can address
ALEXANDER L. PACH, business manager for J. M. STOUT,
Care "Rink and Roller," 13 Park Row, N. Y. City.
5-1yr.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF & DUMB.

The undersigned, offers for sale to DEAF-MUTES AND THEIR FRIENDS,

a large and fine picture of this Institution and surroundings, with portraits of the present principal and of the late principal.

DR. HARVEY P. PEET,

executed by H. P. Arms, a skillful deaf-mute lithographer of Philadelphia, in whose interest he has consented to act.

THE H. P. PEET MEMORIAL, which the graduates of the New York Institution have so much at heart,

WILL BE DIRECTLY BENEFITTED

by the sale of this picture, as a portion of the small amount asked for each copy, will go directly into the Treasury of this fund. The picture measures 27x35 inches.

THE PRICE IS ONLY \$1.25, on receipt of which a copy, neatly packed, will be sent by mail post-paid.

Send by Money Order or Postal Note to—

ISAAC LEWIS PEET, Principal, Station M, New York City. 9-6mo.

Paine Memorial Hall.

APPLETON STREET, BOSTON, MASS. February 22, 1886.

The Deaf-Mutes of New England and other States, with their friends, are cordially invited to a

Grand Entertainment and Banquet.

IN BEHALF OF THE GALLAUDET MEMORIAL FUND.

At Paine Memorial Hall, February 22d, 1886.

It is intended by the Management that this Entertainment shall surpass all others ever given in Boston and they will spare no efforts to accomplish that end. Considering the interest taken by the friends of the movement to their Benefactor, it is confidently hoped there will be a larger attendance than on many other previous occasions.

A statement of the Receipts and Expenses will be published as soon as possible after the occasion.

Many prominent Mutes and others interested in their education in New England, New York and other States have been invited to honor the occasion with their presence and take some part in the exercises, which will commence at 7:30 P. M. Address and Entree will be expected. An Interpreter being present for the benefit of the hearing portion, followed at 8:30 P. M., by a grand Promenade and Dancing in the following order: Quadrilles, Lancers, Portland Fancy, Virginia Reel, Polka, Waltz and others.

In addition to which there will be games too numerous to mention in some of which prizes will be given, including the DUMB BAND in an improved form, a MINUET, and a FAN DRILL.

Mr. J. M. Stout of Illinois one of the greatest performers on the bicycle has been engaged and a contribution of his skills on the wheel.

A Automime Exhibition is being arranged for by Mrs. W. M. Follette of Rhode Island who is an imitable mimic or pantomimist. Those who have not yet been heard from will be glad to hear.

We understand Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet of New York is engaged to interpret the Eulogy which will be delivered by Prof. W. H. Weeks, of Connecticut.

An experienced person has been secured to lead the GRAND Promenade.

Dr. L. L. Peet has been invited to be present, but has not yet been heard from.

Prof. Jones, of New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, has agreed to be present and give one or more of his interesting and laughable performances. Mrs. Follette, of Rhode Island, will also be present.

There will be no end of amusements, such as Roller Skating, Potato Race, Sack Race, Guess Cake and guessing the number of Beans in a Jar.

THE BANQUET will be served by a First-Class Boston Caterer in the Banquet room of the Hall at 11 o'clock P. M., at which remarks will be made and letters read from those who are unable to attend. The Hall which is one of the finest in the city, will remain open all night for the accommodation of those from a distance. The Management wish to assure all who may come that the best of order will be strictly maintained.

THE PRICES OF ADMISSION WILL BE To the Entertainment, Gents - - - 75 " " Ladies - - - 50 " " Gent and 2 Ladies \$1.50 " Seats at the Banquet - - - 25 Children's admission to the Hall - - - 25

PAINE HALL can be reached by the Tremont Street cars.

THE SHERMAN HOUSE, Court Square near City Hall, will accommodate Parties at 75 cents per day for room, or 50 cents where two persons occupy one room.

The Young Women's Christian Association, in their new and elegant building on Berkeley Street, near Appleton, will accommodate Ladies at \$1 per day, including meals.

Any further information can be obtained of George Holmes, Registry Office, Boston, Mass., or either of the Committee, directed to his care.

Please enclose Postage Stamps for replies. Tickets and seats will be obtained through the Management and at the Paine Hall.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 21st, 1886.

Appropriate Services will be held at the Rooms of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, at Alpha Hall, No. 15 Essex Street, at 10:30 P. M., and 2:30 P. M. At which there will be preaching by prominent preachers. At 7 P. M., a General Prayer or Conference Meeting will be held, to which all are cordially invited to attend.

COME ONE! GEORGE A. HOLMES, Manager. F. W. BIGELOW W. J. REDFOLCH H. C. HARGREAVE A. E. BABBITT

WATCHES AND JEWELRY

FINE GOLD WATCHES, Stem-winding, \$50 to \$75 and upwards.

Ladies' \$25 to \$60 and upwards

SILVER HUNTING

AMERICAN WATCHES

Stem-winding, \$12 to \$18.

Our reputation for good time-keeper Watches has been known for forty years, and our standard is better than ever.

JEWELRY, Silver and Plated Ware

of all the newest designs, always in stock. We challenge comparison for quality of work in

WATCH REPAIRING

all of which is done on the premises.

Old Gold and Silver taken in Exchange.

GEO. W. WELSH'S SONS,

NO. 253 GREENWICH ST.,

Cor. Park Place, N. Y.

OLDEST ESTABLISHMENT DOWN TOWN

A Retrospect

OF THE EDUCATION OF THE DEAF,

By Rev. H. W. Syle, M.A.,

With Numerous Illustrations,

Engraved by W. R. Cullingworth.

(36 pages octavo.)

25 Cents a Copy.

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, to any part of the United States and Canada.

W. R. CULLINGWORTH, No. 517 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa. 1-1yr.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, an ALPHABETICAL ORDER a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send a card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Little Hall, 195 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Jubling, Pres.; Edward McConville, First Vice-President; Jacob Swartz, Second Vice-President; Charles E. Green, Secretary; J. P. Ijuma, Treasurer; S. B. Smith, Sergeant-at-Arms. Secretary's address is 63 Lee Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A. of San Francisco. President, Theo. Grady; Vice-President, Frank B. Shattuck; Corresponding Secretary, Mark A. Aronschtein; Recording Secretary, Leo C. Williams; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy. Divine services first and third Sundays, alternate at 11 A. M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 Sutter St., San Francisco. Corresponding Secretary, S. B. Smith, Sergeant-at-Arms, N. Y. Members are cordially welcome.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 P. M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 16th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. J. Francis O'Brien, President. All communications should be addressed to John O'Brien, Corresponding Secretary, 320 Brown Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at Anderson's Hall, 192 W. Fifth Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8:00 P. M. John Hahn, President; Phil Thinnies, Lusk Ikin, Secretary; Robert D. Livingston, Corresponding Secretary, Forence Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Cleric Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P. M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Ascension, Fifth Street, above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, when the object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Applications should be made to Mr. Edward J. Carr, President pro tem, 2106 Somerset Street, or Rev. E. J. Lebreton, 1240 North Broad Street.

DE L'EPÉE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of La Salle College, 1240 North Broad Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Applications should be made to Mr. Edward J. Carr, President pro tem, 2106 Somerset Street, or Rev. E. J. Lebreton, 1240 North Broad Street.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the Mission is to promote the moral and welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Thomas Brown, President; Almon Smith, Treasurer, and Willie E. White, Secretary.

PASA-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pasa-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispelling intellectual ignorance and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pasa-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at six o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men